Circulation Last Week,
102,000.

SAMPLE COPIES
Sent Free to any address.

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

—NEW—
FEATURES
Arrangements are being made for the publication of new and interesting special articles in the WEEKLY BLADE. Announcements of these will be made as soon as plans are matured.

VOLUME LVII. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1889. NUMBER 17.

Poetry.

MAKING UP A LOVER'S QUARREL.

WAS it all a mistake? Ah, fold your arms closer,
And press my head nearer your breast;
For my brain has grown weary with thinking and weeping,
And my sad heart is longing for rest.
Was it all a mistake when within your dear hand
You clasped mine with quickening breath,
And vowed before God that, forsaking all others,
You would love me and keep me till death.

Was it all a mistake? Is there any one dearer,
For whom your man's heart cries aloud?
Is there any sweet hope lying dead in your bosom,
That your marriage vow hides like a shroud?
Was it all a mistake when I thought I could cheer you,
And brighten your pathway through life?
Do you dream of a face that is fairer than my face?
Of a name you hold dearer than wife?

Was it all a mistake? Are you longing for freedom?
Ah, I pray that release may be near;
That death's arms may take me and bear me to heaven,
To await—what was that? Not a tear!
Ah, my own, your art weeping! You're sorry you said it;
'Twas anger that made those words fall.
Then take me yourself, dear, and don't let death have me,
For I don't want to die after all.

—*Toronto Globe.*

A LITTLE COMEDY.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Is the world the same, do you think, my Dear,
As when we walked by the sea together,
And the white caps danced and the cliffs rose sheer,
And we were glad in the autumn weather?

You played at loving that day, my Dear—
How well you told me that tender story—
And I made an answer, with smile and tear,
Why the sky was flushed with the sunset's glory.

Now I shut my eyes, and I see, my Dear,
That far-off path by the surging ocean—
I shut my eyes, and I seem to hear
Your voice surmounting the tide's commotion.

It was but a comedy slight, my Dear—
Why should its memory come to vex me?
Can it be I am longing that you should appear
And play it again. My thoughts perplex me.

'Tis the sea and the shore that I miss, my Dear—
The sea and the shore, and the sunset's glory—
Or would these be nothing without you near,
To murmur again that fond, old story?

I know you now but too well, my Dear—
With your heart as light as a wind-blown feather—
Yet somehow the world seems cold and drear
Without your acting this autumn weather.

Our Story Teller.

IN AN OLD GARDEN.

From Belgravia, Illustrated by the Blade.

CHAPTER I.

Queen rose of the rosebud, garden of girls,
* * * * * * *
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls.
—*Tennyson.*

THERE were tall white lilies down the path, and hollyhobes, and great bushes of lavender; and, down below, carnations, stocks, and mignonette vied for the place of honor from their tangled mass of sweetness.

It was all very untidy, though, nevertheless, rich in a beauty peculiarly its own, which made the old-fashioned garden seem the most delightful place in the world. People said that the hedges were the beauty of the place; but the major liked the lilies best. He thought they stood in their purity like guardian angels to the inmates of the garden.

Generally speaking, these were only two in number; but often other voices and footsteps came to wake its echoes. They were all young save one—an old, old lady, whose hair had borrowed its whiteness from the winter snows, though her heart was young as in the days of long ago.

"Madam," they called her; and she was known by no other name, even to her grandchild Marjory.

The name suited her with its quaint dignity.

She was sitting now under the old cedar waiting for the party who would come to drink the fast-cooling tea. Every afternoon during that sunny month of June, Madam had sat under that tree with her knitting and waited.

THE MADAM.

At last voices were heard. Madam's work lay still in her lap. She knew just how they would come for their tea, as they came every night, up from the river. A flutter of dresses among the trees, little snatches of girlish laughter, deeper tones joining in; then they emerged from the shrubbery path.

First Marjory with the Major, her head just reaching to his shoulder. Then two other couples—two more officers, and two Miss Fortescues.

They were fashionable young ladies, who always spent a season in London, and only came back to the village to recruit their looks after heated ball rooms; but they were never too fashionable to dislike the old garden, or think Madam anything but the best company in the world.

Madam looked at the girl now, lying back in a low, easy chair, and her lips parted in a smile.

"Ten, Marjory? Have you quite forgotten us this evening?"

"Oh, Madam, and you must be tired of waiting. I am so sorry."

SORRY.

The girl's fingers moved deftly about among the cups; but when all were supplied she leaned back again in her chair, idly swinging her hat.

It was the major who broke the silence.

"This is my idea of happiness," he said, stirring his tea.

"Which, tea or cake?" asked the elder Miss Fortescue.

"Both," he answered smiling. "Each part of this scene makes up a most perfect whole." He gave a wave of his hand to include the whole group, but unconsciously his eyes seemed to get no further than Marjory.

"You don't soar very high," she said severely, sitting upright to join in the conversation. "Your ideas of happiness should be hardships and long marches, and dying on a battlefield, and suchlike enjoyments."

"Should they?" he asked, meeting her eyes. "Won't you sometimes allow me a little civilized pleasure?" His voice always had a gentle tone when speaking to her as if talking to a willful child.

Just the faintest tinge of color came into Marjory's cheeks, like the bloom of the peach-blossoms which had lately dropped from the wall; but before she could answer one of the other officers had spoken.

"I thought an Indian life was your idea of happiness, Major?"

"Not quite," he answered gravely; "though I own it has its advantages."

"Oh, but it is rather jolly, isn't it?" persisted the other. His regiment was going to India soon, and he thought of asking the youngest Miss Fortescue whether she would not try the life out there with him!

The major smiled. He knew what the young man meant.

"I have had a great many happy days out there," he began lazily; but then his good nature prevailing, he roused himself, and kept them all amused for the next half hour with such graphic descriptions of scenes and doings in the far East that anyone might fairly long to be there. The Miss Fortescues were charmed, and even the subalterns were satisfied; noting that day with a red letter in their mental diaries.

Only Marjory remained silent. Once or twice the major's eyes rested questioningly upon her, but nothing this evening could draw forth a mischievous sally or gay repartee. Later on they all walked to the gate. The visitors were going away—officers to mess, young ladies home to dinner.

Madam had asked the major to stay, and he first declined, but at the last minute changed his mind.

"Will you have me now?" he asked, running back as the others sauntered down the path.

"Certainly," she nodded back. "No! No! go with them" (as he would have offered his arm), "I shall go indoors to rest now, and Juliet can serve to me."

Then he followed the little party to the gate. The two officers would see the Miss Fortescues home. Marjory and the major turned slowly back.

"Did you really think that I ought to have no pleasures outside my profession?" he asked, following up a train of thought from their late conversation.

"You don't really mean what I said just now?" she answered listlessly. "I don't know. I suppose everybody has their own idea of happiness."

The major looked down at the little figure beside him.

"I am afraid you're tired," he said.

She roused herself. "No, not tired, but cross."

"Is that possible?" he asked.

"Don't be silly," she answered, a smile breaking over her face in spite of herself; then it died away. "But I really am cross, and so would you be, if——"

"Yes?" he queried.

"I didn't mean to tell you," she said naively, "but now I must. It's Mr. Benjamin!"

The Major's face darkened. "Yes" (in a different tone).

"There! you see your cross already! but I'll forgive you—" laughing merrily. "Well, what do you think he did? He wrote yesterday, actually wrote to Madam, and proposed for me!"

"And you said——?"

"What did you *suppose* I said?" turning on him with scorn. "I just told Madam to inform him that Miss Clive was very much flattered, but that she preferred being asked a question direct instead of through another person, and that she must decline the great honor he had offered her."

"Poor man!" began the major sympathetically.

"Oh, but wait, you've not heard the best of it. He came this morning himself, with the meekest apology, and tried to propose in person. Madam said it was my fault, and I must see him; but I thought I should have died of laughter. Oh! you've no idea how funny he looked; he was quite white and shaky; and talked about his heart, and going away, and I tried to be dignified, but it was no use." And tossing back her head, she laughed again at the recollection.

For one moment the Major felt tempted to join in. A vision of the Reverend David Benjamin's pale face, white and trembling before the shrine of his devotion, filled his mind with a feeling first of amusement, then indignation at the presumption of the "weak hearted fool;" but pity gained the mastery. Would she one day laugh at *him* like this? Think him perhaps "old" and "funny?" A little pain came into his voice.

"Hush, child," he said. "You don't understand these things yet. Perhaps he really loves you; and if so, God help him."

She was startled by his earnestness.

"I didn't mean to laugh," she said penitently, "but he's such a horror. Please don't look so grave, because I'm going to get you a flower for your coat, and you mustn't be angry any more."

"I am never angry with you," he said.

They had reached the rose-garden, and he watched her roaming among the trees. Roses of every shade and hue grew there.

Marjory chose a deep red bud, and brought it with a smile.

"Now, I'm going to put it in your coat for you; isn't it a beauty?"

The Major bent down and watched the deft white fingers at their work. His own went up and touched them softly.

"What pretty little hands you have," he said.

She drew them away with a cry of pain. "Oh, don't."

"Why, my child, have I hurt you? I would not for worlds."

"No, no, only somebody else used to say that."

Did a chord stop beating in the Major's heart! The roses still bloomed round him, a breath of summer air brought him their scent. The sun was tinging the sky with as many and varied tints. He drew in a deep breath and spoke.

"Yes, dear, and somebody——"

"Somebody died," sobbed Marjory.

Then his kind, strong hands went up and stroked the bowed head.

"Poor little girl," he said. "Poor, dear little girl."

CHAPTER II.

I hear alone the memory of his words.—*E. B. Browning.*

That little incident in the garden decided the major upon a point he had before only contemplated. (It was the summer of '82, when all eyes turned towards Egypt; when Tel-el-Kebir had yet to be fought, and won.)

He was a quiet man, and a lonely one; and when he saw that Marjory did not respond to the only wish of his life, he shut up his sorrow in his heart and kept it to himself. Only, he knew that he must lead a life of action, with no spare moments for day-dreams.

Using what interest he possessed, he effected an exchange into a battalion already on active service; and, having made his preparations, came to say good-bye to his friends.

They were both surprised and genuinely sorry, and told him so. The major was touched by it.

Even Marjory seemed sobered, and a little troubled, when she heard the two subalterns talk of the chances and dangers of war. Perhaps Madam, in her wise old head, guessed somewhat of the truth, but she kept her counsel; and only gave the Major a special invitation to dine with them on the last night.

Other men, perhaps, might have taken the opportunity to advance their suit, but the Major would not, for worlds, have roused Marjory's grief again by intruding on those feelings which were still too near the surface to be touched by a new comer's hand.

"If I ever come back from the war," he said to himself "I will ask her then; if not, God grant she may find some one worthier and better to care for her than I."

And the girl herself never realized the wealth of love which was lying at her feet, till it was too late to pick it up—too late even to call it back.

Therefore, although the last evening was necessarily a little sad, she made no sign, whereby he might gain the slightest hope, or to put to a venture the question which trembled on his lips.

When Madam bade him good-bye, she added a reminder that there would always be a welcome for him at the old house; and he thanked her quietly, saying:

"I shall always think of the happy days spent here, even if I never come back."

Majory felt a strange and unwonted inclination to cry, but hid her feelings under a veil of petulancy.

"I wish you wouldn't talk in that horrid way. Of course you're coming back, and then we'll have tea in the garden again, and no end of fun."

The Major glanced up sadly at her. What should she know of sadness?

"Yes, when I come back, we'll have great fun again," he said gently.

Then he shook hands with Madam—a firm, strong clasp, and said good-bye.

"I'll come to the gate and let you out," said Marjory, pushing upon the window, but the major stopped her.

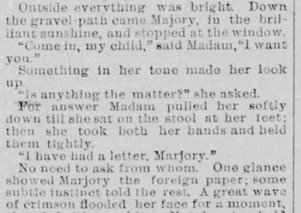
"No, it is raining, see!"—he held out his hand, and drew it in with the raindrops sparkling upon it.

"How tiresome! I did so want to go and get you a rose."

She was like a spoilt child this evening, impatient of being crossed; and as such the Major treated her.

"Never mind," he said, "when I come back you shall give me one."

She looked up smiling. "All right; I will."



"GOOD BYE, LITTLE GIRL."

They were standing rather behind the curtains, in the deep recess of the window. Madam bent over her knitting near the lamplight, oblivious of anything happening among the shadows.

"Good-bye, little girl," the Major said. "God bless and keep you." He had softly taken both Marjory's hands in his, and, moved by an irresistible impulse, he gently—nay, almost reverentially—stooped down and kissed them, and was gone.

Marjory's eyes filled with sudden tears, but too late for him to see; too late to comfort the brave heart which had fought so often right valiantly against fearful odds, yet was well-nigh broken now.

He did not go home at once, but wandered for a few minutes in the rose-garden, listening to the rain which pattered down on the leaves, and thinking it very fairly represented his own state of mind.

Down by the gate he lingered for a moment, and turned back to look at the half-hidden house.

"Good-night, my beloved," he whispered; "good-bye."

And the tall, white lilies hanging their stately heads, felt a drop, warmer than the summer rain, fall on their fast-fading loveliness. Then the firm tread went swiftly by, and the gentle night fell and shrouded the flowers in its darkness.

After that day the old garden seemed to grow quieter. Marjory's footsteps still tripped lightly over the grass, and up and down the pathway; but somehow the merry laugh was less frequent, the gay tones seemed softer, more subdued, graver.

The visitors, too, seemed changed; for instead of frequenting the river, they now rarely left the garden, but sauntered instead down its most hidden by-ways; always two and two, and always talking low and earnestly.

They came to tell it her one day, with many smiles and blushes, and a few tears also on the part of the young ladies who began to realize that a soldier's wife must be ready to let her husband go wherever his orders take him, be it to a foreign land or—war.

And Madam listened, sympathizing, advising, encouraging; and sent them away in a blissful state of happiness.

Then she kept Marjory more than ever with her, guarding the girl with a special care.

Gradually the summer waned into autumn, and September crept on, while there crept into the air the crispness of early frosts; and anxious eyes were searching the papers for the last news from the Soudan.

There came one afternoon when Madam was seated at the window, her work for once unused in her lap, her hands holding a letter. It was a long one, written on thin, foreign paper, but she had read it twice before laying it down.

Outside everything was bright. Down the gravel-path came Majory, in the brilliant sunshine, and stopped at the window.

"Come in, my child," said Madam, "I want you."

Something in her tone made her look up.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

For answer Madam pulled her softly down till she sat on the stool at her feet; then she took both her hands and held them tightly.

"I have had a letter, Marjory."

No need to ask from whom. One glance showed Marjory the foreign paper; some subtle instinct told the rest. A great wave of crimson flooded her face for a moment, then faded into white. Mutely she held out her hands for the letter, and Madam gave it her without a word.

After that there was a long, long silence in the room while Marjory read—read as though each word were being burnt into her brain with letters of fire.

It was only the old story, which comes so often from those wars where Englishmen, loving their country more than anything else, lay down their lives with that gallant pluck which never questions the why or wherefore of the sacrifice.

Marjory's cheek glowed as she read the tale of daring, which the major's friend seemed as proud to tell as if he himself shared those distinctions which his brother officer had died to gain.

Yes, that was the summing-up of the whole letter—the major was dying. Suffering from his wound, worn with fever, away from proper nurses and comforts, the writer said that long before his letter reached its destination his friend would be laid to rest beneath the desert sand.

He was a kind-hearted man, and wrote at length, giving every detail of the camp life and its surroundings which he thought might interest the recipients of the letter in far-away England.

But there was one bit of it in which he had no part: a little scrap folded up tight, whose faint pencilled words said, "Child Marjory, good-bye. God bless you, dear, for I love you." That was all the Major's message.

The room seemed to grow quieter and yet more still. Not a sound within. Outside,

The reapers reaped, and the sun fell,
And all the land was dark.

Dimly, and like a blind person groping for help, Marjory stretched out her hands to Madam.

"Oh, Madam, dear Madam, let me always stay with you!"

Then her kind old friend bent down and gathered the girl to her motherly heart.

"You shall never leave me, Marjory."

And up from the glowing cornfields strolled the lovers in the sweet evening light.

CHAPTER III.

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew;
I would be so tender, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

It is only in novels that people die of broken hearts. In real life they have to hide their sorrows with a smiling face, and go on battling with the world in spite of it's all being dark for them. In the first days of her sorrow Marjory thought she could not live through it. When too late she woke to know that her heart had gone from her own keeping into another's, who would never now come to claim it. The fact had grown upon her gradually and unconsciously till that sad afternoon when she read the major's farewell message.

Then she knew why the days had seemed so long lately; why the light had gone out of the bright afternoons and left them dull. When the major first went away she missed him. Then she began to think about him, wondering what he was doing, and if he would come back when the war was over, till the wonder grew into a longing, which checked her laughter and made her eagerly scan the papers for news.

Madam, silent and observant, noted it all, but she did not speak.

Marjory knew that Madam guessed her secret, but she could not bear to speak of it then, nor until long after the winter evenings first closed in, and the flickering firelight invited those whispered confidences, and low, hushed talks, which eased and soothed her mind.

Three years ago, when she was barely seventeen years, Marjory fell in love. There had been a bonny sailor lad, scarcely one year her senior, who worshipped the very ground on which she trod. Together they walked and talked in the old garden, vowing a love which neither time nor impediments should sever.

It was all very sweet and pretty, and they firmly believed in each other. But before a year had passed away, and they were just beginning to learn that the world contained other nice and pretty people besides themselves, the sailor lad died, leaving Marjory only the tender memory of what might have been.

The girl told herself she would never, no, *never*, marry or love anybody else, and cherished her belief until the present all-absorbing passion taught her that only once in our lives does the real love come to us.

Sometimes in after happier years she wondered why these weeks of misery had been hers. Of course there was much sympathy. The two young men were sincerely sorry, for the major had been justly popular. The young ladies dropped tears of genuine sympathy, guessing but half the truth. For a few days the lovers almost felt ashamed of being so happy; they walked about with slow steps and hushed voices. Then the natural exuberance of youth returned, and they were light-hearted once more.

And Madam wrote, but the letter, like so many another one, lay unheeded for long weeks at a little foreign postoffice, and never reached the owner until the answer had come to its senders in quite another way; for the troops had gone back to India almost directly after the victory, and that letter was not the only one delayed or lost.

And the garden grew still more deserted. Not that the lovers abandoned it all at once. Oh, no! They paced up and down its sheltered paths in spite of cold winds and rare summer showers, were often very busy, and at the end of October there came one bright day when they bid farewell to it, and the next they drove away with much commotion of flags flying, music, and people cheering, to a new life of their own, where it is to be hoped they found many happy days.

Such a gay wedding it was; and Marjory had helped both brides to dress, and gone with them to church, and breakfast, until everything was over; leaving but a confused jumble in her head of blessings and speeches, tears and smiles, to think over afterwards in her own little room.

"If he would only come back," she said, sobbing herself to sleep, "I would never say one cross word again, never!"

Once Mr. Benjamin renewed his suit; in much fear and trembling of course, and anticipating by instinct the answer he received. But this time it was given in such different guise from the last that he could scarcely believe it was the same haughty young lady who had given him his dismissal before.

"Do not think any more about me," she said quite gently and humbly now. "Madam and I shall often think of you; and you must go away and work, and help others to be happy; then some day you will be happy, too."

He smiled sadly; but calling up all his pluck, took his disappointment like a man; and, giving up his career in the court, went and worked hard in a big, manufacturing town; where, after a time, he found that some one else could make him happy.

There was snow on the ground one afternoon when Marjory came in from her customary walk in the garden. It had become a habit of hers to wander daily in the rose-garden—from whence the bright blossoms had fled.

Indoors Madam had gathered their sweetness in great jars of pot-pourri, which emitted its subtle fragrance from unknown nooks and corners of the quaint old house. Marjory loved them. She always had from the time when, as a child, she plunged her tiny hands into their hidden recesses and brought up a handful of the sweet-smelling stuff.

But this afternoon, it seemed to oppress her. She went to her room and lingered there till the growing darkness warned her it was late.

With a little sigh she rose. Life had been dreary lately. Christmas had but just passed; the new year was still young. Outside, the roses were dead; there was yet no sign of the fresh ones spring would bring.

Very slowly, Marjory began to go down. In the drawing-room Madam was waiting—Madam and tea—in the quaint Sevres cups on the little table drawn up to the fire. Everywhere, and all round, the faint sweet perfume, like ghosts of the roses of happier days.

Still more slowly she descended the last flight, a quaint little figure in old-fashioned gown and wistful face.

A servant was letting some one in at the front door. He came and stood under the light in the hall; and unfastened his heavy military overcoat—wet with fast-falling snow.

"Miss Marjory?" the servant said, and withdrew.

Had winter so suddenly changed to spring? Were the dark days really gone? Was there anything else in the whole world except their two selves standing gazing into each other's eyes with a longing born of the love which is heaven-sent, because it lifts us into an atmosphere purer, fairer, higher than ourselves?

Marjory had gone forward with outstretched hand, as in a dream, scarcely knowing what she did; and now the major was the first to break the silence in tones so low they were almost whispered.

"I have come back, child," he said; "and you promised me a rose."

"What shall I do?" she asked, with the love-light in her eyes. "What can I give you?"

Then he bent down till his lips met hers in one long, long kiss.

SWEETER THAN THE ROSES.

"This is sweeter to me than roses, dear love," he answered, "dearer than anything earth can give."

And if there are some who wish to know how it was that the major got over his illness, and ever came back at all, I can only give them the answer he gave to Madam; for he was always a man of few words; and, after all, it was the best answer that could be given, for it solved all questions and left nothing further to be asked.

It was in the evening as they sat talking in hushed tones of all that had passed; and Madam, from her side of the hearth, had leant forward to say interrogatively,

"You must have gone through so much, but it did not keep you from coming back to us!"

"No," said the Major simply, "I did not die."

How He Insulted Her.

Mandy Spillers, a colored lady, swore out a warrant against Zeb Snow.

"What did this man do?" the justice of the peace asked.

"He 'sulted me, sah; dat's whut he done."

"How—what did he say?"

"Didn't say nuthin'."

"How, then, did he insult you?"

"Why, sah, he come erlong whar I was sweepin' de yard an' grabbed me an' kissed me, he did."

"Did you make any outcry?"

"No, sah."

"Did you try to get away from him?"

"Who, me? Look yere, jedge, do you think good lookin' men is so plenty deze days dat I gwine ter git away from one when he grab me?"

"But if you were so willing how was it an insult?"

"How wuz it er insult? Wy, sah, he turned me loose an' went 'cross de yard an' kissed er black imp o' er lady dat is old enuff ter be my mammy, sah. Dat's how he 'sulted me."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Always Speak the Truth.

A Waterbury lady accidentally spilled a pitcher of water on the floor the other morning. Soon after the two youngest girls of the family entered, and perceiving the marks on the carpet, inquired the cause. "I tipped over the pitcher," said the mother. The father, thinking the opportunity for a lesson good, said: "Children, if you ever make a mistake and break or stain anything, and you are asked who did it, be truthful, and say just as your mother did, 'I did it.'" The little girls promised it. A moment later one of the children threw her arms around her mother, saying: "I love 'oo, mamma." "Which do you love better, mamma or papa?" asked the father. "Mamma," was the prompt reply. At this the second little girl spoke up: "That's right, S——, always speak the truth."—*Waterbury Republican.*

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

Copyrighted 1889, by the Toledo Blade Co. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OHIO ELECTION.

EVERYBODY was on the alert in Ohio the next morning, for it was election day. The great struggle was to be determined by the votes of the people, and from sunrise to sunset fell the white storm of ballots like snowflakes, registering the will of freemen. Harry Follett was up early, and in consultation with his lieutenants about the election in progress. When Frank Danforth reached the office that morning, he was astonished to find Harry Follett seated at his desk, actively engaged at work.

"Hello, Danforth! When did you get back?"

"At 11 o'clock last night."

"What is your prediction as to the result to-day?"

Frank looked through the window at the unclouded sky and brilliant day. "This is the sun of Austerlitz, Mr. Follett."

"But which of the two candidates is the Napoleon?"

"Fosdick, I think."

"Ah, you rascal! Your politics run away with your judgment! The chances are two to one in favor of General Ewbank!"

"That it simply a matter of opinion, Mr. Follett."

"Of course, Frank; but you will admit my opportunities of knowing the drift of public sentiment are better than your own?"

"Admit it? of course! How does your judgment predict the result?"

"Ewbank will be elected by a majority that will be between 20,000 and 22,000. That is as certain as that the sun is shining in the eastern sky at this moment. To-day a mighty political revolution will break in Ohio, that will extend throughout the Union, and change the status of parties in the whole country. You had better join us, Frank, and share in the new dispensation."

Danforth laughed merrily. "It is only putting new political wine into old bottles, Mr. Follett, with the usual result."

"You do not believe in Ewbank's success?"

"Certainly not. He has no chance of election," replied Frank, positively.

"Why do you think so? I tell you I have the means of knowing."

"I am sorry to disagree with you, Mr. Follett. But I can never believe that a majority of the intelligent masses of Ohio will vote for a party which upholds the silly doctrine that the authorization of the government is all that gives money its purchasing power, and that the more of this paper money there is, the happier we shall all be."

Follett smiled. "You have more faith in popular intelligence than I have, Frank. Even should we win, you know as well as I that such a wild scheme would never be tried in cold blood. It is only a political maneuver—'springes to catch woodcocks.'"

"Why attempt to deceive the people, then?"

"For the best reason in the world—that we may get into office," and Harry turned to meet some political friends just entering the room.

The sun went down in a cloudless sky, and men who had worked anxiously and untiringly all day at the polls, in getting out the voters of their party, in making last appeals to the disaffected or the faint hearted, drew long breaths of relief. The battle was over; who had won?

In every city, in every village of any size, all over the state, the people gathered with one accord around the telegraph offices and political headquarters. So obsorbing was the interest in the Ohio campaign, that every effort was made to gather the returns and send out the result, compared with the vote at the last state election, in order to show the drift of public opinion.

Slowly came the returns at first—a few scattering precincts, widely separated, and without any definite indications. At Doncaster each party had wires run into the halls used as their headquarters, and both were packed with eager people, anxiously awaiting the outcome.

Harry Follett looked out over the surging crowd of General Ewbank's friends, his ear bent to hear what the telegraphic operator at his elbow should say.

"Here's the first bulletin from telegraph headquarters in Columbus," said that functionary, as he picked up his pencil to take the message. Harry leaned over his shoulder to watch him as he wrote. The bulletin ran:

Twenty-one precincts give Ewbank 3,835 votes, Fosdick 2,072 votes—gain for latter over last year's vote, 105.

"That'll never do," commented Harry. "At that rate, Ewbank is beaten!"

"Read! Read!" came in stentorian tones from various parts of the hall. Harry promptly stepped to the front of the platform with the slip of paper in his hand.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, "as is always the case, the first returns indicate nothing, being too scattering. We have the results in twenty-one precincts, from various rural sections of the state. They mean nothing, because none of them happen to be in localities where the greatest change in votes will be found—the mining districts and the great cities, with their tens of thousands of workingmen. When they report—"

"Read it anyhow!" yelled some one individual in the crowd, which joined him instantly in a tumultuous demand to hear the bulletin.

Harry waved his hand for silence, and read the message. Despite his preface, the news had a decidedly chilling effect on the audience.

Just then a tremendous cheer arose from the opposition headquarters, only a half-square away.

"They're feeling good, down there," remarked Harry to a friend as he resumed his seat.

General Ewbank, with a few intimate personal friends, occupied a small room in the rear of the hall, and as fast as the bulletins came they were made out in the duplicate, one copy being read to the crowd, the other passed through the door of communication to the candidate.

A few bulletins followed of the same tenor; then they gradually grew more favorable for Ewbank. Ten o'clock came, and the dispatches from Columbus announced that the chairman of each party positively claimed the state—the one for Ewbank, the other for Fosdick.

"I believe we shall win!" declared Harry to General Ewbank as he excitedly handed him the above dispatch.

For nearly a half-hour longer the result hung in even scale. Then came partial returns from the cities, showing heavy gains for Fosdick.

"Wait till we hear from the iron and coal districts!" exclaimed Harry, hopefully. He had made special arrangements to have private dispatches from the chief points in these regions, and he had hardly ceased speaking when the first dispatch was placed in his hands.

It announced, with painful brevity, that Fosdick was sweeping all before him! For the first time Harry Follett allowed himself to doubt the success of his candidate. But how could it be possible that he and his friends could have been so dreadfully mistaken? If his private advices were correct, it would mean a terrible, a sweeping defeat!

It was not many minutes before every vestige of hope was swept away. One-third of the total number of voting precincts in Ohio had been heard from, and the vote showed conclusively that Fosdick would have over 20,000 majority in the state. Harry made his way to the private room where General Ewbank and his friends were in consultation.

"How does it look to you, Follett?" asked the General, his brows knitted and a look of perplexity on his face.

"There is no use of hoping any longer. We are defeated—and that, too, by a phenomenal majority. The 'soft money' cry has proved a Jonah."

General Ewbank rose, put on his hat, briefly saying: "I shall go home. Should there be any dispatches of a more hopeful character, I shall be much obliged if you will send them up to my house. Good night." And he left the building by a side entrance, and made his solitary way homeward.

"Well," said one of the little group, "the general's awfully cut up. He was cocksure of success—and so were we all, by the same token! Get you that, Follett! Let's go down and have a drink to drown our disappointment! The fellows out there can read the dispatches. Come on!"

Out into the streets they went, only to find them thronged with the jubilant members of the opposite party, shouting, cheering, blowing tin horns and otherwise making the night a pandemonium by way of testifying their joy over the political victory they had won.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JENNIE TURNS DETECTIVE.

REACHING home that morning, as we already know, from his Iowa trip, Frank Danforth had found awaiting him a note from John Hargreave, making an appointment for that evening at his own residence. On his way thither Frank took time to call at the Andrews residence to see Jennie. Her greeting was all that could be desired, but his lover's eye speedily detected that something was wrong.

"What is the matter, Jennie? What is troubling you?"

"Oh, it is the same old thing!" she replied in an angered voice.

"And that is——?"

"Mr. Morris, of course!"

"What has he done now?" inquired he anxiously.

"What has he done? Haven't you heard to-day? Nearly everybody knows it by this time!"

"Well, what is it? I, for one, have not heard it."

"Why, he has actually pursuaded, or forced—I don't know which—that poor little Anna Pearce to engage herself to him!"

"Engaged? And to Morris?"

"Yes—and it is a burning shame! What is the mystery about that hateful man? Why don't you do something, Frank, to unravel it? Oh, I wish I were a man! I would show that fellow up in his true colors, or know the reason why!" And the young lady stamped her foot most energetically, gazing into Frank's face with flashing eyes.

"Have patience, Jennie! Mr. Morris must sooner or later be brought out in his true colors."

"But are you going to let him marry Anna?"

"How can I help it?"

"Frank, if it were not you, I should be tempted to get angry! Is he to be allowed to marry that girl when she doesn't love him?"

"How do you know she does not?"

"Didn't she tell me so only two days ago?"

"Then, why on earth did she engage herself to him?"

"That is what I should like to know! Anna looks to-day so sad and sorrowful that it cuts me to the heart—but she will not say one word, nor let me ask her a single question about it! But I know something is wrong, and I want you, Frank, to find it out—or rather to stop the affair, for Morris is not the man to marry Anna Pearce!"

Frank mused over the matter. "Well, I will try to do something, Jennie, for your sake. I don't it think a suitable match, myself."

"Suitable match! I should think not! And I don't want you to do it simply for my sake, Frank. You ought to do it for the sake of the girl's happiness, independent of every other motive!"

When Frank took his leave, Jennie sat down to complete a bit of work upon which she had been engaged when he called. She was a little vexed that Frank did not appear to feel that burning indignation that she herself felt; and she was also dissatisfied that he took apparently so little interest in hunting down Morris. Of course she did not know that his Western trip had been with that single purpose, and that, at that very moment, he was closeted with Mr. Hargreave, intently discussing the same thing.

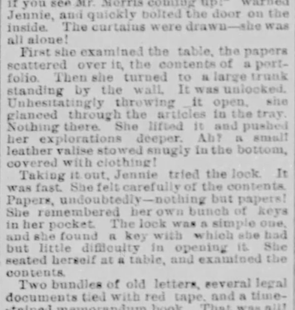
"I don't care! I have hated that man since the first time I saw him—and if Mr. Frank don't want to take hold and save Anna, I'll—do it myself!"

The words were used in chagrin over what she mistakenly deemed her lover's lukewarmness in the cause; but they gave her a new idea—and it budded and grew rapidly in the fertile mental soil into which it had fallen.

She sewed faster and faster, as she revolved the matter in her own mind. The more she thought over the hair-brained scheme the more feasible it appeared. Finally she grew too excited to continue her work. She threw it from her and paced up and down the room, her eyes shining like stars, her cheeks brilliant with color.

"I *can* do it, and I *will!* There's Hannah, who lived with us for years—she's a chambermaid at the Tallman House! She will do anything I ask her, I know! And if she can get me into his room some way, then—we shall see what we shall see!"

Her plan was simply to get into Morris's room and endeavor to ascertain something about him from his private papers, if she could find any! The thought that she



JENNIE MAKES A DARING RESOLVE.

would practically be committing a burglary never occurred to her. Her intense dislike of Morris, her sympathy and friendship for Anna Pearce, and the feeling that, in some unexplained manner, the engagement that day announced was forced upon the girl unwillingly, all combined to put her in an absolutely reckless mood regarding the means to be used, if only she could do something to save her friend.

She had the wisdom to partially disguise herself for her daring attempt. A very plain hat with a veil to conceal her face, and a long waterproof cloak rendered her almost unrecognizable. Slipping quietly down the back stairs, she left the house, and going through the rear gates approached the Follett residence. The parlor shutters were partially open, and she crept near enough to assure herself that Morris was within. Then she as silently stole out into the street, and sped quickly to the hotel.

She found the girl Hannah without any difficulty, and unfolded her plan, concealing, of course, the real motive of her visit.

"Hannah, which is Mr. Morris's room?"

"It's No. 34, miss."

"Have you a key that will open the door?"

"Open the door? Of Mr. Morris's room, do you mean?"

"Certainly. Can you open the door of his room?"

"Of course, miss, I have a key that opens his door."

"Very well. Now, Hannah, I want you to let me into his room for a little while."

"Why, miss Jennie! What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You know Mr. Morris was engaged yesterday to Miss Anna Pearce, a friend of mine—the young lady who is visiting at Mrs. Follett's, whom you have seen. Now, I want to play a practical joke on him, and to do it I must get into his room a little while. He is calling on Miss Pearce this evening, so it is perfectly safe."

"Ah, Miss Jennie! Ain't you over your mischief yet, that you used to be at all the time when you was a little girl?" giggled Hannah.

"I'm pretty much over it all, Hannah! It is only once in a while that I try to play a joke! Come, now, won't you help me in this?"

It required much persuasion to induce Hannah to consent. Finally she led Jennie up stairs, unlocked the room, lighted the gas, and sat down, evidently intending to wait in the room and share in the "joke," whatever it might be.

"Oh, Hannah! You must watch at the head of the stairs, to see that nobody comes! I will be as quick as I can!"

Hannah finally was prevailed upon to do as Jennie wished. "Now tap on the panel if you see Mr. Morris coming up!" warned Jennie, and quickly bolted the door on the inside. The curtains were drawn—she was all alone!

First she examined the table, the papers scattered over it, the contents of a portfolio. Then she turned to a large trunk standing by the wall. It was unlocked. Unhesitatingly throwing it open, she glanced through the articles in the tray. Nothing there. She lifted it and pushed her explorations deeper. Ah! a small leather valise stowed snugly in the bottom, covered with clothing!

Taking it out, Jennie tried the lock. It was fast. She felt carefully of the contents. Papers, undoubtedly—nothing but papers! She remembered her own bunch of keys in her pocket. The lock was a simple one, and she found a key with which she had but little difficulty in opening it. She seated herself at a table, and examined the contents.

Two bundles of old letters, several legal documents tied with red tape, and a time-stained memorandum book. That was all! The letters she dropped back into the valise. The documents were next examined. A glance at the first one revealed its nature.

"It is Nathan Wilson's will!" gasped she. The second was the duplicate of it. Then she went through the others, the excitement increasing as she read on.

Then the book was next taken up. Stock accounts, memoranda of investments, and other entries of a like character. Apprehensive every instant of detection, she made but a brief examination of its contents—just enough to inform her of their general nature. It was placed back in the valise; then the packet of papers—though the temptation was strong—very strong—to carry them away with her. She closed the valise, and carefully locking it, she replaced everything as she had found it, unbolted the door, turned out the gas, and slipped out into the hall.

Hannah was waiting for her in a very troubled state of mind. "Thank God you've come, miss! I've been frightened half to death the last half-hour for you! Wait till I look up again. There! Now come on, quick, before somebody sees us!"

Jennie pledged her to secrecy—a somewhat unnecessary proceeding, as Hannah had already repented her acquiescence, and was whimpering for fear of the consequences—and then made her way quickly homeward. The main street was full of people awaiting election returns; hence she took a detour to avoid them, and reached home without any one recognizing her. Swiftly she put away the wraps she had worn, and sat down to think. Her brain was in a whirl; she now recognized the extreme rashness of the step she had taken, the danger of discovery; and, worse than all, she realized the gravity of her offense in examining private papers.

"But I know enough to save Anna from that—thief, villain, scoundrel!" she hissed, as she threw herself into an easy chair to collect her thoughts after the excitement she had undergone.

How best to take advantage of the information she had thus gained perplexed her. To use it, she must tell how she obtained it.

"Never mind! I'll tell Frank, and he will help me," mused she. Then she suddenly sat bolt upright at the terrible thought that he might be displeased with her for taking such an extraordinary step as she had done. Frank Danforth's ideas on such points were strict, she knew.

"I don't care! I know he loves me—and if he will only forgive me he may scold me as much as he pleases! I'm sorry I did such an awful thing, but I'm dreadfully glad of it, after all!" With which somewhat confusing statement she dropped that branch of the subject and considered how she could soonest reach Frank and communicate the facts to

Recent Literature.

FRESH READING FOR SPRING.

Mental Evolution in Man—The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms—Battles and Leaders of the Civil War—Other Books—April Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Mental Evolution in Man," by George John Romaine, F. R. S., is published by Appleton & Co., New York. Professor Romanes undertakes, in this volume, the discussion in a wider field, contemplated in his former publications, namely, "Animal Intelligence," "Mental Evolution in Animals." Indeed, it is not easy to fully appreciate this work without an understanding of the aforesaid books. "The Origin of the Human Faculty" is the scope of this volume. Others to follow are to embrace a discussion of the intellect, emotions, volition, morals and religion, respectively. The alchemists for centuries, made what we know as chemistry, subserve to the process of transmitting baser metals into gold, and wasted the best talent of the laboratory in that effort until the last one or two hundred years. Modern chemistry teaches that the base metals, iron, copper, lead and coal, are really of more value than gold, and through them we acquire results which we call civilization. It appears to be, though, a somewhat similar process that we study man—that is, by the way of the lower species. The once contemplative methods of the Oriental has given place to the systematic observation of the school of Lamarck and Darwin. This book of Romanes is arranged under a series of seventeen monographs, beginning with "Man and Brute," carrying the reader through the origin and philosophy and uses of "Signs," "Language," "Speech," "Transition in the Races," etc. In the closing of his "General Summary and Concluding Remarks," are these words: "At all events I think it may be safely promised, that when we come to consider the case of savages, and through them the case of prehistoric man, we shall find that, in the great interval which lies between such grades of mental evolution, and our own, we are brought far on the way towards bridging the psychological distance which separates the gorilla from the gentleman."

"The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms," by Alfred Binet, is issued by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. M. Binet is a close observer of nature and has done not a little in extending the area of comparative physiology. The tendency among all students of nature, seems to be to modify the meaning of what the older writers called *instinct*. The wide-spread and we may say, original, theory which relegated all the lower creation to a mechanism, apart from that of man, is giving away, before the resistless logic of the cold-blooded iconoclast.

The more we honestly and impartially investigate the more we observe that the Creator made nothing simple, nor with apparent indifference, but all his works are complicated, and invite the keenest interest upon a better acquaintance. The subjoined extract gives a sample of the author's argument and style:

"In a large number of animacules the prehension of food is preceded by another stage, the search for food, and in the case of living prey, by its capture. We shall not even sign the preliminary question all the Protozoa, but shall direct our attention especially to the ciliated Infusoria. Their habits are a remarkable study. If a drop of water containing Infusoria be placed under the microscope, organisms are seen swimming rapidly about and traversing the liquid medium in which they are, in every direction. Their movements are not simple; the infusory does not swim while swimming about; it avoids obstacles; often it undertakes to force them aside; its movements seemed to be designed to effect an end, which in most instances is the search for food; it approaches certain particles suspended in the liquid, it feels them with its cilia, it goes away and returns, all the while describing a spiral or some similar line, the paths of captive fish in aquariums; this latter comparison naturally occurs to the mind."

This monograph is an original work, and naturally must stimulate the study and re-adjustment of many of our former tenets, as well as add a new light to the vision of the scientist and general reader.

The 31st and 32d parts of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," just published, conclude the fourth and last volume of what must be regarded as a monumental work on the war of the rebellion. These two parts deal with its closing scenes, beginning with the Battle of Fort Stedman, the account of which is written by Gen. Hartranft, the hero of the battle, to the surrender at Appomattox and the fall of Richmond, including the march to the sea and the engagement at Fort Fisher. These two parts are also the most profusely illustrated, portraits and maps, and fitly close a work which has been unique in conception and execution, and the value of which, from a historical standpoint, can not be easily over estimated. The Century Company, New York.

Oliver Bell Bunce has grouped a number of short stories under the title of "The Story of Happinolande and other Legends." The tale whose title labels the volume describes a fancied community whose welfare is disturbed by a discovery of gold. At the prospect of uniform riches the community is mad with delight, but things do not turn out as expected, and the catastrophe is ingeniously devised for the pointing of a moral. The second part of the book is called "The City Beautiful," which recalls Mr. Bunce's suggestive book, "The House Beautiful." The fancy is a characteristic one, in which we may see that Mr. Bunce has dreamed some pleasant dreams of an ideal outcome to our economic conditions. "John's Attic," the story that closes the volume, is a fragrant little ramble into the realms of the commonplace. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A book called "Home Gymnastics for the Well and the Sick" is edited by E. Angerstein, M. D., and by G. Eckler. It is translated from the Eighth German Edition of this most popular work which is for the purpose of promoting the health of persons of both sexes and all ages. Some idea of it may be obtained from the following summary of its contents: Preface; Home Gymnastics in General; Gymnastic Exercises at Home; The Application of the Exercises for Healthy Persons; Examples of Exercises for Healthy Persons; The Application of the Exercises for Invalids; Groups of Exercises for invalids. The work has been a very popular one. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"Aryas, Semites and Jews, Jehovah and the Christ," is the title of a book of Lorenzo Burge, the author of "Pre-Glacial Man," which is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The latter book treated of the history of the first revelation of the Deity to man through the Aryan race, what is given in the first chapters of Genesis, showing also the duty laid upon that race to promulgate it, their neglect of that duty, and their consequent removal from the civilized world. The author of this volume takes up the thread of the narrative, showing how a people was again selected, who, in the fullness of time, should be sufficiently enlightened to have proceed from it a second revelation of God's purposes. This volume cannot fail to be read with exceeding interest. Its object is to remove bigotry and intolerance from among Christian people, and to show that the teachings of Christ lead essentially to the true brotherhood of humanity through the universal fatherhood of God.

Another work, also from Lee & Shepard, is "The Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Cleveland," which gives the personal and political history of the men who have sat in the Presidential chair. The work was originally written by John Frost, but brought down to the present time by Harry W. French. The style is good, and while each biography is necessarily brief, the salient events are given so that a clear idea of them is obtained as a whole. The volume is a pleasant addition to the studies of these men who have occupied so prominent a position before the public, placed there by the suffrages of the nation.

"The Year's Best Days for Boys and Girls" is by Rosa Hartwick Thorpe, the author of "Curfew must not ring to-night." The book is made up of a collection of pleasant stories for children, appropriate to the holidays of the year, beginning with Christmas times, the opening one being about Santa Claus. Valentine, Thanksgiving, Easter, April Fool's day and Birthdays are all commemorated. This is also published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Literary Notes.

The Minerva Publishing company have issued another attack on the Jews entitled "Judas Isacriot."

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce for immediate publication a new and cheap edition, in paper covers, of Tolstoi's "My Religion."

Dr. S. Wier Mitchell has written a story of life in the lumber regions, entitled "Far In the Forest."

"John Charaxes," a novel imputed to George Ticknor Curtis, is in the press of J. B. Lippincott Co. It bears upon the question leading up to the civil war.

We have from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., "A Quaker Girl of Nantucket," a fresh, simple story, the scene of which is laid in that interesting island.

T. B. Peterson & Bros. will shortly issue Louis Ulbach's "The Confessions of an Abbe," which is considered one of the author's boldest and most dramatic productions.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is at work on a story of adventures in the South Seas, which he thinks of calling "The Gaol-Bird." It will not be published until fall.

A bill has been introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature to appoint a state historian, to prepare a series of books on the part taken by that state in the civil war. The salary proposed is $2,000 a year, with $500 additional for necessary expenses.

The *Look Buyer* for April publishes a portrait of Octave Thanet, which the many who have read the remarkable short stories signed by that name will be interested to see; and their interest will not likely be less on finding it pretty. A little sketch of Miss Alice French (for Octave Thanet is a pen name) follows.

Cassell & Co. have published "Burkett's Lock," considered to be Miss M. T. McClelland's strongest story. The scene is laid in Virginia, where she is so thoroughly at home, and her characters are drawn from the people native to the soil.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford is writing a book on Sir John Hawkwood for the "English Men of Action" series. Mr. Walter Besant will prepare the volume on Capt. Cook, and Mr. Clark Russell that on Dampier. Mr. Archibald Forbes is writing the "Havelock."

The smallest newspaper in the world is the *Telegram*, which is published weekly in Guadalaxara, Mexico. It consists of a single sheet, 5x4 inches, divided in three columns. The paper with the longest name is published not in Russia but in Greenland: Arrangugliotio Nalingimavnik Sysarammisa Sinik.

A friend of Mr. Walsh, who until recently had editorial charge of *Lippincott's Magazine*, when asked the reason of Mr. Walsh's going to the New York *Herald*, said: "It was for a mighty substantial reason. As editor of the magazine he received $1,800 a year; the *Herald* gives him $6,000.

Emile Zola's new novel is expected to have five murders in it. It will deal with railroading, and the author has been for a long while studying the railroads, to learn exactly the labor performed by all the functionaries of every grade. It will be a psychological study of crime.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is to sail for England May 11. Her secretary, Miss Chielini, and her son, Master Vivian, who is the real Little Lord Fauntleroy, will accompany her. She is to write and bring out a new play, and intends to secure an English copyright.

Some interesting historical papers have been brought to light at Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland. In a loft under the roof of some old stables at the foot of the hill were found piles of dirt-covered documents, three or four feet in height. They were letters from Lord Burleigh, Charles James Fox, the Earl of Leicester, the Duke of Marlborough, Warwick, the king maker, King Edward IV, Richard III., and the Duke of Richmond.

The Century company have just completed their monumental work on the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." An index to the four volumes is appended to the 32d and final part. In concluding this handsome and valuable work, the publishers may justly feel proud of the achievement.

Eugene Schuyler will publish in the May *Scribner's* reminiscences of "Count Leo Tolstoi Twenty Years Ago." Mr. Schuyler was a visitor at Tolstoi's home and had many long and intimate conversations with him, which are now, for the first time, published. Charles Eliot Norton will contribute the end paper, the subject being "The Lack of Old Homes in America."

Boston's two magazines for literary workers, the *Writer* and the *Author*, deserve their success. People who write much will find many ingenious hints in them. The scope of the *Writer* is illustrated by the contents of the April number, which includes articles entitled "Newspaper Almanacs," "Every writer His Own Stationer," "Mysterious Dispensations Regarding MSS.," "A Night at the News Desk," "The Returned MS.," and "Shorthand in Newspaper Work."

EMPEROR WILLIAM AT HOME.

Like His Grandfather, He Loves to Live Simply.

A globetrotter, now in Berlin, gives some interesting particulars concerning the home life of the Emperor, William II. Like his grandfather, the Emperor loves to live simply, and, when his habits are not interfered with by the presence of distinguished guests at the castle, he rises at 7, breakfasts at 7:30 and dines with the empress at the fashionable hour of 1. His favorite relaxation is to play with his children.

Every day he receives, upon the average, about 600 letters. These are brought to him on a salver as they arrive, and he opens those letters which bear a handwriting, a coat of arms, or a postmark which is known to him or excites his curiosity. The rest of the correspondence goes, unopened, to the civil cabinet, the members of which deal with it as may be necessary. The majority of the envelopes contain begging letters or personal petitions. The Emperor has only one body servant at a time in attendance upon him, and this man shaves him, takes care of his wardrobe and affords him what assistance he requires while dressing.

Much of the emperor's time is spent in his private library, where he writes much and rapidly. Every new book and every newspaper dealing with military or naval subjects, whether it be in German, French, Russian or English, is seen by him; and, besides being a regular bibliomaniac so far as regards books on strategy and military history, he is an enthusiastic collector of portraits and autographs of his more celebrated contemporaries. He leaves the education of his children entirely to the direction of the empress, who is not only a strict disciplinarian but also extremely attentive to the religious training of the young princes. This she at present herself undertakes.

The children have various masters and governesses who visit them; but they have as yet no military governor, or even any personal servants or attendants beyond such a nursery staff as might be found in any well-to-do bourgeois family in Berlin. At the outset of his reign the Emperor rendered himself somewhat notorious by his readiness to speak in public. Curiously enough, he has the reputation among his personal friends of being one of the most silent of men, save on the rare occasions when he throws off the monarch and gives reign to his natural high spirits. So much is this the case that in his household the saying is: "The Emperor never speaks; he only orders."

The jug goes to the water until it breaks. That neglected cough may rack you until it breaks down the entire system and consumption is fastened onto you. A sure cure is found in

Warner's Log Cabin COUGH and CONSUMPTION REMEDY.

Two sizes, $1.00 and 50 cents.

Improvement in the Fans.

New York World.

Just at this moment, when the status of baseball has been raised a bit by that banquet at Delmonico's, it is unpleasant to learn that our National game is figuring in a divorce case at Toledo, O. Mrs. R. E. Jacobs wants a separation from her husband on the ground that he is a baseball crank and does not make the kind of home runs of which she approves. Doubtless Mrs. Jacobs is entitled to sympathy, but at this season of the year there are many people who will side with her husband. Now that Chauncey M. Depew has recognized baseball as a great institution, a baseball crank is not as reprehensible as he used to be.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

TEMPERED BLISS.

[Judge.]

Col. Gourker—"It seems too good to be true. How did you come to accept an old fellow like me?"

Miss Ingenue—"Well, you see, colonel, mamma was beginning to act so silly and girlish over you that I had to step in to prevent losing her."

JOSEPH AND HIS PAPA.

The Shrewd Youngster Worked Him the Rest of the Week.

The small boy was fond of music, and there was an opera in town. It was Sunday night, but he stole out, having been refused permission by his mother, and got away down in front by the fiddles. He sat there listening delightedly, when he turned around and suddenly discovered his father all alone in the next occupied seat. He made no excuse. He looked up and nodded pleasantly.

"How do you do, sir?"

"What? Joseph!"

"Yes, sir."

"Does your mother know you are here?"

"No, sir. She wouldn't let me come."

"And aren't you—well—ahem——"

A sense of justice struck the old man, and the small boy knew he was quite safe. So they enjoyed the opera together, and then they started home. There was an awkward silence between them. The small boy waited for his father to speak.

"Ahem! Joseph—we will not—it would be better—that is—you needn't allude to this matter before your mother."

"No, sir."

There was another long pause. Again the old man spoke, hesitatingly:

"Ahem! Joseph, how—how—did you get out of the house this evening?"

"By the back door, sir."

"Well—ahem!—Joseph, we'll go in by the back way quietly, and not disturb the household."

And they went in the back way.

Next morning at breakfast the two met without any sign. The mother spoke up: "Mr. Smith, I am sure I do not know whatever is to come of that boy Joseph."

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"Do you know he actually came and asked me to let him go to the opera last night—Sunday!"

"You refused, of course?"

"Certainly; what a question!"

Then the father sternly turned to the boy.

"Joseph, I am surprised! Are there not enough week-days for you to go to the opera, that you must go on Sundays?"

"Yes, sir. But I was going to ask you to give me some money to go night."

The old man looked at the small boy, who was ingeniously looking up in his face, and said nothing; but when they left the table he took him by the ear and said:

"You young rascal, I suppose you are going to bleed me for tickets every night?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, candidly.

And he got them.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Don't Get Caught

This spring with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a general spring medicine.

WISE DOGS.

Some Instances of Their Remarkable Memory.

Lately the *Zoopholist*, an English paper devoted to the protection of animals from cruelty, told some stories, which are apparently well authenticated, illustrating the keenness of the sense of recognition in dogs. The late Mr. Eyre, a clergyman, left a dog with very much attached to him at the country house of a friend while he left England for a long sojourn abroad. After two years Mr. Eyre returned, arriving at his friend's house late at night and retiring without having the dog called.

Next morning Mr. Eyre was awakened by the dog's bursting into his bed-room and leaping upon him with the wildest demonstrations of delight.

"How on earth did he know I had arrived?" asked the gentleman of the servant who brought hot water.

"O sir," the man replied, "it is the most curious thing! As I was cleaning your boots the dog recognized them and became excited beyond measure and I have not been able to quiet him all the time where I was carrying them and rushed up along with me to your door."

A correspondent of the same English paper relates that he gave away, at a year old, a dog which he was unable to keep in his London home. After eight years the dog was returned to its first owner.

"The dog met me," says the correspondent, "at first as a stranger and then, with little animated sniffs of inquiry, going round and round me. I remained still for a few moments while she grew more and more excited. At last I stooped and patted her and called her by her name, 'Lee.'

"On hearing my voice the poor beast gave what I can only describe as a spasm of rapture and leaped into my arms. From that moment she attached herself to me as if she had never left me and with the tenderest devotion."

A Letter From Dr. Hans Von Bulow.

The Knabe Pianos, which I did not know before, have been chosen for my present Concert tour in the United States by my Impresario and accepted by me on the recommendation of my friend, Bechstein, acquainted with their merits. Had I known these pianos as now I do, I would have chosen them by myself, as their sound and touch are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country. DR. HANS VAN BULOW.

New York, April 6, 1889.
To Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.

Woman Finds a New Field.

A new occupation for a woman is that of superintendent of weddings. A young woman in her late twenties, who makes a success of the profession, is installed in or near the house of the bride prospective some little time before the ceremony. She selects the trousseau, advises what is latest in underwear, buys the material, and designs and makes or superintends the making of the gowns. She is au fait in stockings, boots, gloves, laces and handkerchiefs; ran again in the millinery and the jackets and wraps; she gowns the bride's mother and the younger sisters, if any; she dictates to the bridesmaids, and is the fairy godmother who thinks of everything and lets the engaged couple enjoy themselves with unanxious mind. One family who have found her valuable recommend her to another, and she has obtained quite a clientage.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Paper Organ Pipes.

A novel application of paper pulp has recently been discovered, and consists in the production of organ pipes from that material. The origin of the industry is somewhat curious. Despi Rigtuzzo, the curate of a little Indian village, was desirous of supplying his chapel with an organ, but as the commune was too poor to find the necessary funds he and an engineer of the name of Colombon hit upon the idea of making the pipes of paper pulp, which gave such satisfactory results that the patent has been sold in Germany for £2,500.

The Twine Trust.

Detroit Tribune.

Free trade papers are still harping on the twine trust, and charging the increase in price to the "robber tariff." They ought to know, and some of them do, that the tariff has had nothing to do with the increased cost of manilla binding twine, which has advanced six cents a pound without any change whatever in the tariff duty on it. Trusts can force up prices on free trade as well as protected articles. Men of sense know that.

A $2 Washing Machine Free.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. No washboard or rubbing required. If you want one, send to the Monarch Laundry Works, 420 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A JACOBITE'S EXILE.

1746.

HE weary day rins doun and dies,
The weary night wears through;
And never an hour is fair wi' flower,
And never a flower wi' dew.

I would the day were night for me,
I would the night were day;
For then I would stand in my ain fair land,
As now in dreams I may.

O lordly flow the Loire and Seine,
And loud the dark Durance;
But bonnier shine the braes of Tyne
Than a' the fields of France;
And the waves of Till that speak sae still
Gleam goodlier where they glance.

O weel were they that fell fighting
On dark Drumossie's day;
They keep their hame ayont the faem,
And we die far away.

O sound they sleep, and saft, and deep,
But night and day wake we:
And ever between the sea-banks green
Sounds loud the sundering sea.

And ill we sleep, sae sair we weep,
But sweet and fast sleep they:
And the mool that laps them roun' and laps them
Is e'en their country's clay.
But the land we tread that are not dead
Is strange as night by day.

Strange as night in a strange man's sight,
Though fair as dawn it be:
For what is here that a stranger's cheer
Should yet wax blithe to see?

The hills stand steep, the dells lie deep,
The fields are green and gold:
The hill-streams sing, and the hill-sides ring,
As ours at home of old.

But hills and flowers are nane of ours,
And ours are oversea:
And the kind strange land whereon we stand,
It wotsna what were we.
Or ever we came, wi' scathe and shame,
To try what end might be.

Scathe, and shame, and a waefu' name,
And a weary time and strange,
Have they that seeing a weird for dreeing
Can die, and cannot change.

Shame and scorn may we thole that mourn,
Though safe be they to dree;
But ill may we bide the thoughts we hide,
Mair keen than wind and sea.

Ill may we thole the night's watches,
And ill the weary day:
And the dreams that keep the gates of sleep,
A waefu' gift gie they;
For the sangs they sing us, the sights they bring us,
The morn blaws all away.

On Alkenshaw the sun blinks braw,
The burn rins blithe and fain;
There's nought wi' me I wadna gie
To look thereon again.

On Keilder-side the wind blaws wide;
There sounds nae hunting horn
That rings see sweet as the winds that beat
Round banks where Tyne is born.

The Wansbeck sings with all her springs,
The bents and braes give ear:
But the wood that rings wi' the sang she sings
I may not see nor hear.
For far and far frae blithe burns are,
And strange is a' thing near.

The light there lightens, the day there brightens,
The loud wind there lives free:
Nae light comes nigh me or wind blaws by me
That I wad hear or see.

But O gin I were there again,
Afar ayant the faem,
Canid and dead in the sweet saft bed
That haps my sires at hame!

We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,
And the sweet grey gleaming sky,
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,
And the goodly towers thereby;
And nought know but the winds that blow
The graves wherein we lie.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IS IT GENUINE?

Probably thousands of people in this section of country, and this section is no exception to any other in this respect in the United States, have read the report said to have been written by Prof. S. A. Lattimore, Ph. D., LL. D., Analyst of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health and Professor of Chemistry in the Rochester, N. Y., University, stating that all of the Safe Remedies manufactured by H. H. Warner & Co. were pure and wholesome, nor did any of them contain any mercury or deleterious substance. In short, on the contrary, however, we will give Prof. Lattimore's report entire:

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER,
CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

Mr. H. H. Warner has placed in my possession the formulæ of the several medicines manufactured and sold under the general designation of "Warner's Safe Remedies." I have investigated the processes of manufacture which are conducted with extreme care and according to the best methods. I have taken from the Laboratory samples of all the articles used in the preparation of these medicines, as well as the several medicines in which they enter. I have also purchased from different druggists in this city "Warner's Safe Remedies," and upon critical examination *I find them all entirely free from mercury and from poisonous and deleterious substances.*

S. A. LATTIMORE, Ph. D., LL. D.,
Analyst of Foods and Medicines, New York State Board of Health, Professor of Chemistry, University of Rochester, N. Y.

We cannot think that a firm of the standing of H. H. Warner & Co., would dare publish such a statement if it were untrue, and we now have that firms authority to say to our readers that it is absolutely and unqualifiedly true in every particular.

Jay Gould's Daughter Nellie.

Miss Nellie Gould, the great financier's eldest daughter, probably has more independent property than any other unmarried woman in America. She is her father's favorite, and every year he gives her presents of stocks and bonds which amount up into the hundred thousands. He takes great pains with her investments also, with the result that her fortune grows apace every year. Added to this, her mother, who had a fortune of several millions, left the greater share of her property to Nellie; so that she is estimated to be worth over $6,000,000. Her life has been passed in the quietest way, and though she is but 20 years of age her mode of existence is as quiet and humdrum as though she were forty. The big Gould mansion rarely sees any festivity, and an awning up in front of their door would throw the neighborhood into a panic of excitement. Her mother's failing health has been partly the cause of this, for Miss Gould was not only her devoted attendant and companion, but was also the head of the household and bore its whole responsibility. They have a box at the opera, but they are not very regular attendants, and the only place in which she is frequently seen is the Presbyterian church of which she is a member. She interests herself in charities also, and in half a dozen summer homes for sick babies and poor women.—*New York Letter.*

—Misfortune in nine times out of ten is simply another name for laziness or bad management, and it really isn't anything to your credit to be croaking all the time about misfortune.

If you have no employment, or are being poorly paid for the work you are doing, then write to E. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to transform Miss-fortune into Madame-fortune. Try it.

A Lively Old Man.

Of the late Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, who, before his death, was the oldest church of England clergyman, it is told that when nearly 90 years of age he rode, unattended, on horseback, to make a call on a neighboring squire. His horse was taken around to the stable during his visit. When it was brought back for him to mount, the butler said: "Would you like a chair, sir, to mount your horse?" He looked at him with a withering glance, saying: "A chair to mount my horse? If I wanted a chair it would be time to give up riding," and he put his foot into the stirrup and threw his leg over the saddle as if he had been five-and-twenty. The height of the horse was about sixteen hands.

ST JACOBS OIL
FOR PAINS AND ACHES.
IT DRIVES OUT
Every Torture.
Every Imp of Torture leaves.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
KILLS PAIN.
AND DEALERS.
The Charles A. Vogeler Company.
BALTIMORE, MD.

$98 Sewing-Machine FREE

To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines in every locality where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 3 months all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out: before patents run out it sold for $98, with the attachments, and now sells for $50. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is perfect. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write to us at once can secure Free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 113, Augusta, Maine.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

The smoke goes curling round and round my head,
As tho' to imitate the clouds afar.
How fast the minutes speed! how they have sped
While I have smoked my afternoon cigar.

While I have built my castles in the air
Of fabrics frailer than this smoke, alas!
While I have looked aback upon each year,
Relieving all the moments as they pass;

While I have conjured up a vision based
On large, dark eyes and wind-tossed, gold-ringed hair,
My arm has stolen around her slender waist—
O, sweetest, frailest castle in the air!

Her head has rested on my shoulder here—
One coat still bears a tiny, shiny spot
Where her gold head did rest for just one year.
I have it still—by her 'tis quite forgot.

I have it still, and it is laid amid
A glove, a lock of hair, a ribbon blue;
No tale of broken heart—they're in a bid,
For she was five, and I—was sixty-two.

—*Cora Fabri.*

A ROYAL AUTHORESS.

The Queen Who Can Write Poetry and Books.

Among all the European literary queens the best known is Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. Under the pseudonym of "Carmen Sylva" she has published a goodly number of volumes, chiefly legends and stories of her adopted country, and two small and one large volume of poems. Her most charming book is her "Les Pensees d'une Reine," which was published some years ago by Mme. Adam, the proprietress of the *Nouvelle Revue* in Paris, in which she said some particularly apt things. She says, for instance, "Women in politics are like hens trying to crow." Again: "Man and wife should never cease to do a little courting, no matter how old they may be." Again: "If two intelligent women cannot make anything out of a husband then there is nothing in the man."

The queen is a good story-teller. A few years ago she was asked by the Roumanian minister of Public Instruction if she would deign to write a book which could be used in the public schools as a premium for the good conduct of the children. To this request the queen lent a willing ear, and wrote the pretty tales and legends from the mountains and valleys of the Carpathians entitled "Aus Carmen Sylva's Hausmarchen." Of poems the queen has written perhaps too many, but she is a versifier than a true poetess, and is apt to be an imitator of good models.

A Happy Medium.

In our efforts to urge conviction our greatest concern, often, is to captivate inclination. When we have done our adversary admits that he has been agreeably entertained, but he is of much the same opinion as he was before. Then we attempt the direct. We establish an irresistable sequence: an adversary follows; he is convinced but offended.

Great guns and pistols of argument have only amused him; but directness and sincerity are trenchant and his veneer of composure is pierced. Now what must we do? We want to convince without offense. Perhaps there is a happy medium. Let us see:

DARLINGTON, S. C., Feb. 7, 1886.

"I intended writing to you three months ago to let you know how wonderfully your Compound Oxygen helped me. I recommend it whenever an opportunity occurs." SERENA L. DARGAN.

ALMONT, N. Y., May 20, 1887.

"The Compound Oxygen is a marvelous remedy." I am, most sincerely,
MRS. J. C. GOFF,

CRAFTON, WISE CO., TEXAS, May 7, 1888.

"I want to tell you how my health is. Antastic is getting along. I am just as well at this date as I was when I gave you my testimonial in '86)." MRS. MARY HARG ROVE.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., January 25, 1888.

"I have used Compound Oxygen in my home for about three years, and consider it the most efficient remedy ever offered to the sufferer." REV. WM. MCGLATHERY.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

Undertaker, Reporter and Actor.

The lowest means of making money I ever descended to in Australia, was when the men began to die about our mining settlement. There was no place to put them, so I bought a bit of land and agreed to bury anybody for six pounds. The burial ground was not a prosperous venture, however. One day, penniless, but strong in hope and ambition, I started back through the bush, got to the water and steamed away on board a vessel to Melbourn. The night I got there I met a friend. "What are you going to do?" he asked. "I don't see anything to do but starve," I answered. "Would you like to work on a paper?" "Anything for me." And so that night I was assigned to a moonlight picnic—*Kyrle Bellew in Truth.*

Her Success Assured.

New Prima Donna (to manager)—And do you really think I will capture the audience to-night?

Manager (promptly)—Not the remotest doubt of it, Mrs. Howler.

Prima Donna (reflectively)—There certainly should not be. I am in excellent voice, the aria which I am to sing in the second act I rehearsed without an error to-day, and that difficult staccato passage in the third, why you should have heard Manager (contemptuously)—Voice, aria, staccato passage be blowed! Didn't the judge grant you a divorce this morning?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Chesterfieldian Tact of a Congressman.

The other day a Western Congressman went into the Senate restaurant with two constituents, good men, but a little rustic in appearance and manners and unused to conventionalities and points of etiquette that are unknown in Wayback. The restaurant was full of ladies and gentlemen. As the Congressman seated himself he, of course, removed his hat. A moment or two later he noticed that his untutored friends had not removed their hats. He hastily put his own hat back on his head and wore it during the meal.—*Washington Post.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Obtaining an Expert's Opinion.

They tell of a judge in Bennington, Vt., who, having spoken of buying a safe, was interviewed by two rival agents, each of whom had so much to say in favor of his own particular safe that the judge was quite at a loss to decide which to buy. In a happy moment he thought of Burglar Price, whom he had himself sentenced, and going to the jail he obtained the expert safe breaker's opinion and then gave the order.—*Boston Budget.*

The Reason Why.

She—Why don't you sit down?
He—Why—er—the truth is your papa assaulted me last night.
She—Assaulted you?
He—Yes, assaulted me. I wouldn't have minded it so much had it not been for the cowardly way he did it.
She—What do mean?
He—He kicked me—when my back was turned.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Have You a Cook Can Make These?

Scald one quart of milk, two tablespoons of butter and two of sugar. When cool add one of compressed yeast cake. Mix with flour to the consistency of bread. Set to rise over night. Next morning add salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved, and mix the same as bread and let get very light. Then roll out. For cutting them out I use the lid of a pound baking powder box. Grease the top with butter, turn over half and let get light again. Just before putting in the oven wet the top with cream. Bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.—*New York Press.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. N. A. Lawrence, 58 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

The Camp Fire.

TO FIND COMRADES.

We are constantly in receipt of queries from soldiers of the late war desiring to find comrades. We will publish such requests at 50 cents each, under the head of "Information Wanted," in the CAMP FIRE. But comrades desiring to ascertain the whereabouts of fellow-soldiers will gain the desired information much quicker, by writing to the "Army and Navy Survivors' Division," Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., which is now in possession of quite complete service rolls.

TENNESSEE, MY TENNESSEE.

BY COMRADE L. TANNER, JOLIET, ILLS.

Old Bragg's field was on our shore
Of Tennessee, my Tennessee.
And camped there with his rebel hoard,
In Tennessee, my Tennessee.

But when he heard our cannons roar,
He back for Alabama tore;
I'll bet my boots he'll come no more,
To Tennessee, my Tennessee.

Bragg said to Nashville he would go,
In Tennessee, my Tennessee;
But soon found out it would not do,
In Tennessee, my Tennessee.

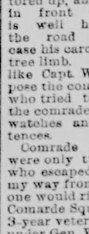
For when he met with "Rosey," O!
He soon found out it was no go;
How quickly he skedadled, O!
From Tennessee, my Tennessee.

Ah, Tennessee you've won renown,
Oh, Tennessee, my Tennessee,
With Union flags in every town,
Oh, Tennessee, my Tennessee,
The rebels thought their hopes to crown,
But the brave Union boys laid them down.
They sneer and smile; its with a frown
At Tennessee, my Tennessee.

Oh, how we've given old Jeff the sack
In Tennessee, my Tennessee.
We've made his cause look rather black
In Tennessee, my Tennessee.
The rebels now with rage do shout,
To see their cause gone up the spout—
Dried up, in fact; it's all played out
In Tennessee, my Tennessee.

BELLE ISLAND PRISON.

BY COMRADE A. P. WATSON.



HERE was but one bright spot in that God-forsaken and seemingly God-forgotten prison-pen on Belle Isle, Va., in 1863, and that was in tent 1, squad 2, during August and September of that year. There quartered or messed together Benton Squires, Co. B, 110th O. V. I., one or two of the 55th O. V. I. boys; a Pennsylvania cavalryman, and Comrade Alton of the 17th Ct. Vols. Comrade Alton was an excellent singer, and assisted by the writer and two other comrades a vocal quartet was formed which was hard to excel, either in melody of voice or the patriotic sentiment of the select songs included in their repertory. There were two New York actors who were mere recruits, the 125th N. Y. Vols., who very often recited appropriate Shakespearean selections between songs, and with their assistance we enlivened our section of the pen, and for the time being, at least, forgot our miserable surroundings. Every patriotic song then known was sung by our quartet, and also an original Bell Island song, composed on the Island, was sung every pleasant evening, which never failed to receive an encore. Another great favorite with the boys was "The Union Oath"—it outrivaled either the "Star Spangled Banner" or "Red, White and Blue," for fine patriotic sentiment. Sometimes we would change the programme and sing "Dixie" and "The Stars and Bars." Poor fools!

Does any comrade of the 55th O. V. I., who messed with me in tent 1, squad 2, during August and September, 1863, at Belle Island, recollect seconding the writer in knocking out the deserter named Blass, of the 77th N. Y? Blass used to row the rebel lieutenant to and from Richmond. He had a royal good time—was a sort of a rebel pet, or "dog-robber," as such were styled by our boys. Blass one day ran up the stars and bars; he also made it his business to hunt up beef bones and refuse, or stolen bits of bread and meat and sell them to the starving prisoners at robbery prices, charging twenty-five cents for an old bone, a bite or two of bread, a tablespoonful of salt, a bite of tobacco, or anything by which he could cheat and rob the prisoners. I think he was acting as a rebel spy at the same time.

One day as he came in the gap I said to my comrade of the 55th: "Messmate, let us knock out Dog-robber Blass." "All right," said he, and at him we went, each striking and kicking him. Blass shouted "murder," and "help," and held his pocket-book in one hand and watch in the other. After receiving a good beating, and loosing a peck haversack filled with meat and bread, he was rescued by his traitor friends and his life thus saved. The rebel guards with fixed bayonets charged on the mob of three or four r

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under any circumstances.

Irish Famines—What "Home Rule" Means.

A. L., Cambridge, O.: 1.—The most remarkable famine in Ireland was that of 1846-47. In both years it was due to a rotting of the potato crop, upon which most of the peasantry depended for food, and thousands perished of hunger. Parliament granted a total of about £10,000,000 ($50,000,000), and large sums were sent from abroad, including a cargo of food from the United States. The famine of 1879 was much less general, being confined to a comparatively small area.

2.—"Home Rule" simply means this: All laws for Ireland are made by the British Parliament. So it is the same as if all laws for the State of Ohio were made by the General Assembly at Columbus, were made by the United States Congress, and Ohio had no state legislature. What the Home Rulers want is an Irish Parliament to make the local laws for Ireland, the same as a state legislature makes local laws for a state, letting the British Parliament make laws that apply equally to England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, the same as the United States Congress makes laws for the whole Union. "Home Rule" does not mean that Ireland should be independent of Great Britain. The great Home Rule convention at Dublin, Nov. 18, 1873, declared in favor of "the principle of a federal arrangement, which would secure to the Irish people the right of legislating for all matters relating to the internal affairs of Ireland, leaving to the Imperial Parliament the power of dealing with all questions affecting the Imperial crown, the government, the relations of the empire with foreign states, and all matters appertaining to the defence and stability of the empire at large, as well as the power of granting and providing the sums necessary for Imperial purposes." The religion of the Irish people has nothing to do with the Home Rule question.

The Emperor Nero.

H. N. W., Coventryville, N. Y.: Nero was a Roman emperor, born A. D. 37, died A. D. 68. He was educated under the philosopher Seneca. In A. D. 54 he succeeded his step-uncle, Claudius, who had formally adopted him as his son, and became emperor. The first four or five years of his reign were distinguished by clemency and justice, though his private life was from the first extremely licentious. He fell in love with Poppea, the beautiful but profligate wife of Otho, who was sent to a distant province to get him out of the way. Poppea aspired to become Nero's wife, but found in Nero's mother, Agrippina, an enemy. She persuaded Nero to order his mother murdered. Nero then divorced his wife, who was afterward put to death by his orders, and married Poppea. In A. D. 64 a terrible conflagration, which lasted for a week, destroyed a large portion of the city of Rome; and it was said that Nero fired it himself and played on the lyre as he watched the flames. This story was the origin of the saying that "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning." The fire was attributed to the Christians, many of whom were put to death with awful tortures. In a drunken rage he kicked Poppea, causing her death, and afterward married the infamous Messalina. His career was horribly vicious after this. An insurrection broke out in Gaul, and before it was put down Nero was condemned to death by the Senate. He fled to a house in the suburbs, and committed suicide when the soldiers came to seize him.

2. We do not know. 3. It is impossible to give, within reasonable limits, a history of slavery. It began with the dawn of history, and its history would be a history of every nation in the world.

Leap Year Rule—"Uncle Sam."

J. A. R., Cooney, O., asks: 1.—"As 1896 is a leap year, and 1900 comes in four years, why is not 1900 a leap year? 2.—Why is the United States called 'Uncle Sam'—by whom was it first called that, and when?"

1.—Because the rule for leap year in the Gregorian calendar is—"every year exactly divisible by 4, except even centuries, is a leap year; but only the even centuries divisible by 400 are leap years." The reason for this rule is: The exact length of the year, according to the most accurate observations, is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.62 seconds. The addition of one day each leap year makes the year to contain 365¼ days. Therefore the latter makes each year 11 minutes, 10.38 seconds too long. By counting only the even centuries which are divisible by 400 as leap years, three days are stopped every 400 years, which brings the civil year so near the true length of the year that the error is only about 20 seconds per year, which amounts to a day only in over 3,000 years.

2.—The name "Uncle Sam" originated as follows: During the war of 1812, Samuel Wilson was government inspector of army supplies at Troy, N. Y. A contractor named Elbert Anderson had the emblem of provisions, etc., which he supplied, marked E. A. (his initials), and below "U. S." meaning United States. A joke arose among the men that the U. S. stood for "Uncle Sam" Wilson, the inspector, and this spread, took firm root, until "Uncle Sam" became a name for the United States personified, as "John Bull" is of Great Britain.

Oklahoma Once More.

A. W., Sidney, O.: Land can be obtained in Oklahoma only under the homestead law. The facts were all published in THE BLADE recently.

A. R., Stuttgart, Ark.: 1.—"Oklahoma" is an Indian word, said to mean "beautiful land." "No Man's Land" is so called because it is not included in any state or territory. Its proper title is the "public land strip." 2.—It belonged to the Indians just as much as any land in American ever did. 3.—The "Spanish claims" in the Southwest are those made on grants given by the Spanish government or that of Mexico before the United States obtained it at the close of the Mexican war.

P. M., Pleasant Ridge, Pa.: We have already said that the land in the climate of Oklahoma are similar to those of Western Kansas. We do not advise any one to go there, because there are more than enough people on the border, waiting for April 22, to locate all the land that will be open on that day.

W. A. M., Crawford, Kan.: We have published for three weeks a repetition of the fact that the Oklahoma lands are open to entry under the homestead law alone. If you are entitled to a homestead, you can get land there. Submit the question of your eligibility to the nearest land office in Oklahoma.

W. M., Waterloo, Iowa: We have published already all we certainly know about the climate and land in Oklahoma.

Vice President R. M. Johnson.

Z. C. A., Winsboro, Tex.: In 1837 there were four Presidential tickets in the field. When the electoral vote was counted it stood thus for President:

Martin Van Buren of New York, Dem..... 170
Wm. H. Harrison, Ohio, Whig..... 73
Hugh L. White, Tennessee, Whig..... 26
Daniel Webster, Massachusetts, Whig..... 14
W. P. Mangum, North Carolina, Whig..... 11

A majority of the electors was 148. As Van Buren had 170, he was elected. The electoral vote on Vice President stood:

Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, Dem.....147
Francis Granger, New York, Whig..... 77
John Tyler, Virginia, Whig..... 47
Wm. Smith, Alabama, Dem..... 23

No one having a majority of the electoral votes, the choice of a Vice President devolved on the Senate, which, being Democratic, and compelled by the constitution to choose between the highest two, elected Johnson by 33 votes to Granger's 16. The Virginia electors, who cast 23 votes for Van Buren for President, cast their 23 votes for Smith, of Alabama, for Vice President, thus defeating Johnson. We do not know why they did this. If any one can tell, we shall be glad to publish.

The Alamo Massacre.

A. H. H., Ovilla, Tex., sends us an interesting account of the massacre of the Alamo, by way correcting some slight errors in the account given in the BUREAU of April 4. We cannot publish it entire, but give the following:

"The siege began Feb. 25 and ended March 6. In the final assault Col. Travis fell early. The most of the Texans' bodies were found in the building where a hand to hand fight took place. Crockett, who was famous, was found in the yard, with a number of dead Mexicans near him. Col. Bowie was slain in his bed, where he was confined with consumption, and it is said he killed two or three Mexicans with his pistols before they broke into the room. So there was no surrender. It had been agreed that when further resistance seemed useless, any surviving Texan should blow up the magazine; and Major Evans was applying the fuse when he was killed, in time to prevent the explosion. Three non-combatants were spared—Mrs. Alsbury, Mrs. Dickinson, and a negro. The bodies of 180 Texans were collected in a pile and partially burned. I came to Texas only 16 years after this and became acquainted with a number of people who were here at the time, and I believe these statements true."

Pocahontas's Descendants.

O. W., Vincennes, Ind.: There is no truth in the story that President Harrison is a descendant of Pocahontas, the Indian princess. She married John Rolfe, and left one child, a son, who was named Thomas Rolfe. He was educated in the family of his father's brother in England. Subsequently he returned to to Virginia, where he acquired a fortune, and attained to considerable distinction as an honorable and public-spirited citizen. He married and had one child only, a daughter, who became the wife of Colonel Robert Bolling. The issue of this marriage was but one child, a son, who, like his father, became a prominent officer in the State militia. This gentleman' Major John Bolling, had one son and five daughters. These daughters married Colonel Richard Randolph, Colonel John Fleming, Dr. William Gay, Thomas Eldridge, and James Murray, all gentlemen of wealth and note in their several communities. It has therefore been said that "the blood of the famous Pocahontas circulates in the vains of some of the most wealthy and aristocratic families of the Old Dominion." John Randolph, of Roanoke, was one of her lineal descendants, and took great pride in the fact.

When Queries are Answered.

Persons frequently ask for an answer "in next issue." It may be of interest to know the fact that this is generally impossible. To-day's BLADE contains answers to questions received up to Friday morning, April 12. The type for this department is set on Friday, for the Weekly BLADE of the following week. All questions are answered as early as possible, of course. Sometimes we get an important question, which necessitates sending an inquiry to some other point, in order to obtain the desired information.

Sometimes the number of questions is so large that we have not room for all the answers in that issue, in which case the latest ones go over for one week.

Since January 1 last every query has been noticed in these columns, and we hope to do so steadily in the future. If any one in the past has not received an answer within a fair time, a reply, we ask him to repeat it at once, stating the fact, and it shall have prompt attention.

An Historical Relic.

M. M. M., Haskins, O., writes: Will you please give your opinion as to historical value of the bell here with described? It was found at a depth of one foot in ground and has never been moved. Shape, that of ordinary church bell; height, 2½ inches; diameter, three inches; thickness, ⅛ of an inch; weight, one pound; composition, white alloy, very hard; impressions to make, unique and beautiful; handle and fastenings entirely decayed; engraved on one side "R. C., 1770;" on opposite side, "G. W." and, lower down, "W. A." Letters irregular and appear to have been cut on with sharp instrument.

It is utterly impossible to conjecture where it came from. Such relics are valuable more for their history than anything else. This probably has a most interesting history, but nobody can unravel the mystery.

Water Power Stronger at Night.

J. L., Palatine, Ill., writes as follows concerning a query in this department a few weeks ago: "I have been to considerable pains to inquire of millwrights and millers of long experience whether a given water power exerts more force at night than in the day time, and they all tell me that it does. One miller of much experience informs me that they can grind from one to two bushels of grain more per hour at night than in the day time. I am also informed that it is a well known fact in mechanical science that such is the case. I do not find any one who is able to explain definitely why it is so."

Miscellaneous.

A. C. C., Phoenix, Ariz.: You were answered last week.

J. A. B., Ewing, Neb.: We have not at hand the statistics asked for.

J. S. C., Dana, Iowa: We have no means of knowing the *actual* circulation of any paper except the BLADE.

J. F., Eagleville: It is impossible for us to find space in the Weekly BLADE to publish the list you ask for.

F. H. M.—: We do not know to whom you should apply for such a position. Better interview some surveyor.

M. B., Clarkson, Neb.: We do not recall the names of President Grant's private secretaries during his two terms.

J. H., Inez, Ky.: We know but little about the Farmers' Alliance, but understand that it is semi-political in its objects.

R. N., Zoar, O.: A citizen of Ohio or any other state, can be legally appointed administrator of an estate in Iowa, or in any other state.

E. R. M., Howard City, Mich.: The salary of Treasurer of the United States is $6,000 per year, and he gives bond in $1,000,000.

C. N., Weston, O.: We are unable to give definite answer to your inquiries. Write a letter to Hon. Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

N. E. H., Miscon, Idaho: Write for information to the register of the United States land office, at either of the following places in your territory: Boise City, Lowiston, Oxford, Hailey, or Coeur d' Alene.

W. F. N., Spickards, Mo.: Baton Rouge was the capital of Louisiana before the war. In the reconstruction era it was removed to New Orleans, but brought back a few years ago. Baton Rouge is now the capital.

Constant Reader, Hastings, Mich.: The story that Vice President Morton spent $150,000 for his own election is one that can not be proved. The man who repeats such stories should be in better business.

O. K., Lake City, Mich.: The *Popular Science Monthly* is published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. The monthly numbers sell at 50 cents each, and can be bought of any bookseller or newsdealer, or of the publishers direct.

C. M. T., Doyle, Mich.: 1.—There are in the United States navy 127 vessels of all kinds, and about 7,000 men and 700 boys enlisted. 2.—The richest diamond fields are in Brazil, the most celebrated being those of the Serra do Frio.

A. L. F., Vienna, Ind.: 1.—Nothing is known of Lydia Darrah's life, save the well-known incident of the British marching through Philadelphia during the war. Secretary Bayard was a politician; Garland was in the rebel congress. We do not know what the other members of Cleveland's Cabinet did at that time.

Student, Ricedale, Ky.: The meaning of San Salvador is "St. Savior" or "Holy Savior." "Santa Cruz" mean "Holy Cross," and "Vera Cruz," "True Cross."—The full name of the latter city is "Cindad de la Vera Cruz—"City of the True Cross." The name is true of Santa Cruz. These are Spanish names.

M. S., Greenville, Miss.: The population of Toledo has not been taken since 1880; but the best estimates, based on the number of names in the directory the number of children of school age, and the vote polled, is that it is between 95,000 and 100,000 at present.

Schoolgirl, Zanesville, O.: If it be a fact that Joseph Addison was buried at night in Westminster Abbey, we do not know that there was any special reason for it. Night interments were formerly very common, the idea being that the solemnity of the occasion was much enhanced by the darkness.

F. W. C., Scottdale, Pa.: The tires on bicycles are made of Indian rubber. It is vulcanized, and hence can not be melted.

J. E. A., Lucas, Ia.: We do not publish any book containing the old war songs. They are now being published each week in the columns of THE BLADE.

E. G. R., Joliet, Ill.: The first stomach, or paunch, of the camel has a division, which may be closed by muscular action, whose walls are provided with a system of large cells, which the animal can distend with water, to the amount of several quarts—five or six, probably. This amount will last it nearly a week.

G. P., Shell Rock, Idaho: Your questions have both been answered within the last two months. A principal meridian is one from which the government land surveys are made. A "mascot" (masculine) or "mascotte" (feminine) is a household fairy, one who brings good luck to the house where he or she dwells. It is an Italian superstition.

E. B., Owasco, N. Y.: "Paul and Virginia" is a charming story, written in 1788 by Bernardin de St. Pierre, a famous French writer. It has become one of the classics of literature, and is well worth any one's perusal. Any bookseller can get it for you. The statuette of which you speak represents the two young people wandering in the tropical forest.

"Two of us," Richfield, Mo.: We are not able to give the treatment used by Bismarck to reduce corpulency. The general rule to get rid of fat is: eat nothing containing starch or sugar, take abundant exercise, keep the skin clean and active by frequent baths, drink as little as possible and then only of water, or a little weak tea or coffee, keep the bowels active, and take no medicine.

J. P. N., Leisure, Ind.: The name "Church of the Covenant," is not that of a religious denomination, but of the church building. It is a Presbyterian church in Washington city, which President Harrison attends. It is very common in large cities to name church structures. For instance, Talmage's church is the "Brooklyn Tabernacle;" Dr. Deems's church in New York is the "Church of the Transfiguration," etc.

M. H., Union, Ore.: Oil cast overboard does not "quell a storm," for the storm is in the air. The waves are the result of the storm. It, however, prevents waves from breaking, by covering the surface of the water with a film of oil. The waves instead of breaking over a ship and wrecking her are great smooth swells, on which she rides safely. It has been tried frequently, with this result.

Reader, Williston, O.: There are three assistant Postmasters General. The First Assistant Postmaster General has charge of the appointments. The Second Assistant has charge of contracts for mail carrying. The Third Assistant has charge of the finance office, etc. A letter to the first one should be addressed "The First Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C."

W. S. G., Cherryvale, Kan.: The fixed stars are of various colors, when seen through the telescope. Some are white, some red, some yellow, a few blue or greenish. You should remember that the fixed stars are presumed to be analogous to our sun, which is intensely hot. Probably your reference is to stars which have suddenly blazed out, becoming much more prominent than before, and then gradually growing dimmer, and changing color.

C. L. T., Dwight, Kan.: The resolution proposing an amendment to the federal constitution regarding Sabbath observance has not yet passed either house of Congress. If it is not dropped, it will have to be introduced in the new Congress when it meets. The matter is not worth worrying about, for even if it should get through Congress—which it will probably not—it stands not the slightest chance of adoption by the requisite number of states. Don't waste time over it.

H. G. D., Winnipeg: The quality of a speaker's voice, or of a musical instrument, produces a minute variation in the character of the vibrations of the rays of light passing through a phonograph, and this produces a corresponding variation in the tracing on the wax cylinder. The latter, in turn, reproduces the same variations, and thus the exact tone of voice is faithfully reproduced.

P. V., Mayo, Kan.: 1. The appearance you mention is called a parhelion, or "sun dog." It is due to atmospheric causes—largely to the watery vapor in the air. In some countries they are very common. 2. The eastern line of the creek-and-reservation system of Kansas runs the state northeast and southwest, near the mouths of the Saline and Solomon rivers. From this line it extends west to the Rocky mountains.

W. P. F., Fairbury, Neb.: There is no reward offered by any one for the discovery of a specific for rabies or hydrophobia. It is against medical ethics for any medical association, college, etc., to do so. Discoveries in medicine are assumed to be for the benefit of the human race, and those making them are presumed to be satisfied with the honor and fame attending such discoveries. No answers by mail, see rule 7 above.

R., ——: We cannot understand why you say that "it is commonly reported that Dr. J. G. Holland died a drunkard." We do not know what particular meaning you give to the word "bad," but certainly the charge is utterly unfounded as the word is commonly accepted. Dr. Holland was an upright, moral and entirely exemplary man. We know nothing of his religious views, nor are they proper subjects for discussion regarding any man.

W. S. G., Granite, Mont., propounds the following amazing question: "Has Edison invented a machine to make bread and meat from clay?" It is difficult to imagine this to be asked in earnest. Such a thing is absolutely impossible, because clay does not contain the chemical elements of which food is composed. No possible process could change the alumina, silica, etc., of which clay is composed, to the hydrocarbons which enter into the chemical constitution of food.

Z. S., Morely, Mis.: The magnetic north pole—that to which the compass needle points—is not at the North Pole. The North or South Poles are the ends of its axis of daily rotation. The magnetic poles are entirely different. There are two of them in the Northern hemisphere, and two in the Southern, of course. The one in North America is at a point in about 70 degrees of latitude and 90 degrees of longitude, but is slowly changing its position. At that point a freely suspended magnetic needle points directly downward. A needle at the North Pole would point toward this magnetic pole.

A. S., Rockville, Md.: We are unable to identify the old coin, a rubbing of which you send us. It is a coin of John V, but of what country we cannot make out. It may be Portuguese. It is certainly of very little value, aside from the silver it contains. The age of a coin does not give it value. Collectors try to make complete collection of all the coins of one sovereign, or of one country, and it is only these which are valuable in any great degree. We can not tell you where to sell it. No answers by mail. See rule 7 above.

HARD FOR SOME, IMPOSSIBLE FOR OTHERS.

[Puck.]

Miss Simperthy.—I see by the papers that old Mr. Bullion has just lost a hundred thousand dollars. It must be very hard to lose that much money.

Upson Downes.—Hard? I should say so! Why, it would be impossible for me to lose that much money!

"EDITOR'S BACK STAIRS."

The Interesting Views of the Late Dr. J. G. Holland.

The columns of the newspapers appear to be flooded with proprietary medicine advertisements. As we cast our eye over them, it brings to mind an article that was published by the late Dr. Holland in *Scribner's Monthly*. He says: "Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

Is not this absurd?

This great man appreciated the real merits of popular remedies, and the absurdity of those that derided them because public attention was called to the article and the evidence of their cures.

If an ulcer is found upon one's arm, and is cured by some dear old grandmother, outside of the code, it will be pronounced by the medical profession an ulcer of little importance. But if treated under the code, causing sleepless nights for a month, with the scientific treatment, viz: plasters, washes, dosing with morphine, arsenic and other vile substances, given to prevent blood poisoning or deaden pain, and yet the ulcer becomes malignant, and amputation is made necessary at last to save life, yet all done according to the tenets of the medical code, this is much more gratifying to the medical profession, and adds more dignity to that distinguished order than to be cured by the dear old grandmother's remedy.

One of the most perplexing things of the day is the popularity of certain remedies, especially Warner's Safe Cure, which we find for sale everywhere. While the physician of the highest standing is ready to concede its merits and sustain the theories the proprietors have made—that is, that it benefits in most of the ailments of the human system because it assists in putting the kidneys in proper condition, thereby aiding in throwing off the impurities of the blood, while others with less honesty and experience ridicule, and are willing to see their patient die scientifically, and according to the code, rather than have him cured by this great remedy.

The discoverer comes boldly before the people with its merits, and proclaims them from door to door, and is in our opinion much more honorable than the physician who, perhaps, may secure a patient from some catastrophe, and is permitted to set a bone of an arm or a finger, which he does with great dignity, yet very soon after takes the liberty to climb the editor's back stairs at 2 o'clock in the morning to have it announced in the morning paper that "Dr. So-and-so was in attendance," thus securing for his benefit a beautiful and free advertisement.

We shall leave it to our readers to say which is the wiser and more honorable.

Twenty-Five Cents Ahead.

A story is told about a Kingston minister's marriage fee that causes amusement among the clergy. He was paid $1 for marrying a couple. After they departed he was about to hand the money to his wife when the door bell was rung. The newly married wife said she wanted a certificate. No marriage was good without one. It cost 25 cents for a blank that would suit her. The reverend gentleman filled out the blank in the usual form and she went away seemingly satisfied. A few days later she again appeared at the door. "Mister," said the woman in an aggravated tone, "I looked through the papers and can't find a notice of our wedding. You ought not to treat us different from other folks." So the domitie went to a newspaper office and paid 50 cents to have a notice inserted. When he reached home he handed the remaining 25 cents to his wife with the remark: "Here, my dear, hurry up and take this before that woman makes another call."—*Kingston Freeman.*

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c. SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

S. S. S.

In 1883 I contracted Blood Poison of bad type, and was treated with mercury, potash and sarsaparilla mixtures, growing worse all the time. I took 7 small bottles S. S. S. which cured me entirely, and no sign of the dreadful disease has returned.

Jan. 10, '89. Hobbyville, Ind.

My little niece had white swelling to such an extent that she was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 20 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on S. S. S. and she is now up and active and in as good health as any child. Miss ANNIE GARESAVE, Columbus, Ga.

Feb. 11, '89.

Book on Blood Diseases sent free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

WHAT SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES

CONSUMPTION
SCROFULA
BRONCHITIS
COUGHS
COLDS
Wasting Diseases

Wonderful Flesh Producer

Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

PROHIBITION IN IOWA

A VERY INTERESTING ARTICLE,

Giving a Number of Facts That are of Importance to Our Friends in Pennsylvania — A Showing Worth Earnest Consideration.

OXFORD, Iowa, April 13.—EDITOR BLADE: —Our Pennsylvania friends inquire about prohibition in Iowa. This is as it should be. With the facilities for obtaining information, no one should vote ignorantly upon this subject of prohibition, and with the zeal of THE BLADE, and its reputation for veracity, there need be no uncertainty. We are not surprised at the inquiries that come from Pennsylvania. In 1882 we were inquirers, and we know how earnestly we sought for facts, and we know, too, how zealous the advocates of the rum traffic were in disseminating information—no, I mean in circulating falsehoods. It was ten times easier to get information from the saloon element than from the advocates of temperance. The saloon was a school for the dissemination of knowledge from a free whisky standpoint—a school always in session, with able teachers and a zeal for the work, that only a promise of renumeration in the future can secure. On the other hand, the temperance people were largely the denizens of of the "rural districts—isolated to a great extent—only congregating when specially called together.

Thus, the enemy of prohibition had all the advantage, and by plausible lies of the failure of prohibition to prohibit—lies made out of whole cloth, coming ostensibly from Maine and Kansas, but really manufactured right here in the saloons—they were a part of the real temperance people who feared that the results predicted by the dramsellers would really follow—that is the traffic would be unrestricted, the prohibitory laws a failure, and free whisky would reign everywhere—a kind of "Reign of Terror," as it were.

Of course, there are those who believe that all men pretending to be advocates of temperance, and yet opposing prohibition, are frauds and hypocrites; but this is not true. There are frauds that take this course, but we know men whose whole life proves that they are sincere, who from a firm belief in the inefficiency of prohibition have always opposed it.

But, as to the real facts about prohibition in Iowa. When we say it is a success in Iowa it is not to be inferred that it is a complete success. We have 99 counties, and in 88, it is as well enforced as any law; perhaps one-half of the remaining ten counties enforce it by constant watchfulness, and in the remainder, the traffic is carried on more or less openly.

The localities in which the saloon sentiment—the "personal liberty" idea—prevails to such an extent that men are selected for magistrates and other officers concerned in the enforcement of the laws, with a view to defeating the enforcement of the law are not numerous yet, they are numerous enough to give coloring to the reports of the failure of prohibition.

And then, too, these localities flaunt their shame in the faces of strangers, while the people who favor temperance and dear-living go quietly along without proclaiming the fact from the house-tops.

But how about prohibition having blighted Iowa and caused a decrease in the population?

Well here are a few figures:

Population in 1880, U. S. census	1,624,000
Population in 1885, State census	1,753,000
Increase in 5 years	129,000

This was the period during which we had our prohibition fight, and the amendment was adopted and declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and then came the prohibition General Assembly of 1883, that enacted the first law that was a partial failure, and which was followed by the second Prohibition General Assembly that 1885 enacted the "Ironclad Prohibitory laws."

Then from 1885 to 1888, the increase was as follows:

1885	1,759,000
1888	2,120,000
Increase	361,000

The average annual increase during the period of uncertainty was 21,000. After the law was finally ironclad—after it was known that it had come to stay—the annual increase was 120,000.

How is that for a blight?

Furthermore, the counties that gave the largest majorities for prohibition have increased most in population, while those in which the increase has been small or none at all, are those in which "personal liberty ideas" are in the ascendant—where mobs attack those who attempt the enforcement of the law, and where preachers and temperance workers are treated as criminals, and the saloon-keeper given the place of honor.

We might give examples, and perhaps will in the future, illustrating this feature of the "blight that has come upon Iowa."

True, there was an exodus on account of prohibition. Five thousand saloons, employing 10,000 dramsellers were knocked out of time—closed, and with a time-lock that does not run down; and of course many of the employes of these "institutions" sought homes elsewhere—that is "fled from the oppression of the fanatics," they termed it, and the fanatics bade them God-speed, and that was a "blight" from which Iowa suffered (?).

Again, the decrease in crime and criminal prosecutions (except for violation of prohibitory law) has been marvelous. To illustrate, the occupants of the penitentiaries have in four years decreased nearly 20 per cent, and this, too, when the increase in population was about 20 per cent. That "blight" we will survive, too. But what else? We shall see later, and may give further information from time to time. W. W. C.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Beware of Imitations.

WHEN SHE DIED.

Oh, when she died, the bloom of flowers
Departed, and life's smile fell
A languor; dark grew all the hours,
And no more Beauty breathed her spell—
When she died!

Oh, when she died, Song's voice grew faint,
And from her throne Joy fled in tears;
Upon the air was heard Grief's plaint
In tones to haunt all future years—
When she died!

Oh, when she died, the world for one
Grew desolate as starless night;
Hope no more breathed her benison
And Time went by with laggard plight—
When she died!

—*George Newell Lovejoy.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

ANY ONE CAN DYE

DIAMOND DYES

A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc. } Any Color FOR TEN CENTS

and in many other ways SAVE Money, and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy, simple, quick; the colors the BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

DO IT NOW

Cleanse the System

With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures Constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matters.

Paine's Celery Compound

combines true nerve tonic and strengthing qualities, reviving the energies and spirits.

"I have been troubled for some years with a complication of difficulties. After trying various remedies, and not finding relief, I tried Paine's Celery Compound. Before taking one full bottle the long troublesome symptoms began to subside, and I can truly say now, that I feel like a new man. Digestion has improved, and I have gained ten pounds in weight since I have commenced taking the Compound."

HONESTUS STEARNS, Fellchville, Vt.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ASTOUNDING ATTACK UPON THE PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.

In a recent number of a trade paper devoted to the interests of the retail clothing trade, an article appears which, after discussing the causes for last year's depression in ready-made clothing, concludes as follows:

"Perhaps not all of our members appreciate the effect upon our trade of the enormous business that the PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO. is doing through EVERY post-office and express office in the UNITED STATES. It is not an uncommon sight to see of a Saturday a line of people waiting at some post-office in Maine, Illinois, or even California for parcels of this concern's custom clothing to be delivered them. Backed by ample capital, and with astonishing energy, they have pushed their business up to such a magnitude, that a profit per pair which to us would hardly appear worth mentioning, has given them a handsome return upon their capital. Representing as they probably do over a MILLION CONSUMERS of cloth they demand and obtain cloth in the woolen markets of the East at lower than ever figures before quoted. By the time that they have to buy ready-made clothing, OUR CUSTOMERS HAVE NO ORDERS which course attracts a great many customers, as their prices are even lower than the same garment ready-made. It is useless to deny that they have treated their customers with a liberality which THEY CAN AFFORD TO DO, where our trade cannot, even to the extent of refunding money at a buyer's request, or making a new garment when customers send wrong measures. It has been suggested that a memorial be addressed to Congress by the clothing dealers, calling attention to the operations of this company through the post-offices and express companies, asking if some action cannot be taken to protect fair trade against such competition."

We have read the above with great attention, but fail to see how Congress could be induced to interfere with a business that has REDUCED THE COST OF CLOTHING to the people. We leave it for our friends and customers throughout the country to let their representatives in Congress understand whether or not our enterprise has been a benefit to the people.

In the meantime we shall continue, upon receipt of 6 cents, to send our packages containing twenty samples cloth, from which we make to order our fine custom-made Plymouth Rock $3, $4, and $5 pants, and $15, $16.75, and $20.50 suits, together with a linen tape-measure and guaranteed self measurement blanks.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.

Address all mail to.....*11 to 17 Eliot Street, or 18 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.*

BRANCH SALESROOMS.—283 Broadway, New York; Burnside Building, Worcester, Mass.; Gilmore House, Springfield, Mass.; 60 Market St., Lynn, Mass.; Butler's Exchange, Providence, R. I.; Register Building, New Haven, Conn.; 943 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.

Any one wishing to learn of our responsibility, may write the American Express Co., at Boston capital $30,000,000) or consult the commercial agencies.

EXPANDED METAL

(PATENTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.)

This product is made of the BEST QUALITY OF MATERIAL by a new and novel process forming a SOLID STEEL FENCING MATERIAL. DURABLE, RIGID, ORNAMENTAL and MODERATE IN COST.

It is designed for Suburban Residences, Farm Buildings, Verandas, Cardens, Lawns, Poultry Yards, Chicken Houses and Coops, Church Premises and Cemetery Lots. Also for Window and Skylight Guards, Grape Arbors, Trellises, Tree Boxes, Settee, Chair, Rail, Door and Car Seats, and everything usual to METALLIC-LATTICE or WIRE WORK.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Central Expanded Metal Co. PITTSBURGH. | N. W. Expanded Metal Co. CHICAGO. | St. Louis Expanded Metal Co. ST. LOUIS.

1889. GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE 1889.

BEING THEIR ORIGINAL INTRODUCER, I offer pure seed of these choice vegetables: Cory, Early Marblehead, Boston Market, Marblehead Mammoth and Longfellow Corn; the Hubbard Squash; Hubbard Market, Early Wakefield, Early Horticultural, Carmine and Warren Lusk, Champion and Kentucky Wonder pole Beans; All-Season, Improved Stone Mason, Warren, Marblehead Mammoth and Gregory's Hard-heading Cabbages; Marblehead Mammoth and Gregory's Long Keeping Onions; Gregory's Extra Early Market Gardener and Gregory's Mammoth Mangel Wurzel; Brown's Dwarf Marrowfat Pea; Burbank and Early Ohio Potatoes; Hubbard, Marblehead, Autumn Queen and Boston Squashes. Send stamp. Wages $3 Per Day. Permanent position. No outside agents. Salary and expenses. Write for particulars. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Full description of these and an immense collection of vegetable and flower seed, please see my seed catalogue, sent FREE to everybody. I warrant all to please. I have no agents. Send for my catalogue. JAS. J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

MUSIC SALE To reduce our stock of Music we will send 64 complete pieces full sheet music size, vocal and instrumental, for 10 cents, postage paid. PETERSON & WATRAS, 156 Monroe street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SHORT-HAND SELF TAUGHT Send for Catalog of Books and helps for self instruction by BENN PITMAN and JEROME B. HOWARD, to THE PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

AGENTS WANTED.

LADY Agents $10 a day sure; new rubber under garment. Mrs. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

LOVELY Reading, Light Work, Living Wages. Ladies' Journal of Literature, Chicago, Ill.

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week easily made. Send your address for free sample and particulars, to Housekeeper, Minneapolis, Minn.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples, worth $2.15, free. Lines not under foot. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largestand Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 102,000.

TO PERSONS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

This issue of THE BLADE will go to quite a number of persons who are not regular subscribers, whose names have been furnished us by our regular patrons.

We ask you to examine the paper carefully. Read the Household; look at Our Young Folks; notice the Camp Fire; especially read the Question Bureau; then, if you are living in the country, read the Farm; look at the News of the Week on the 7th and 8th pages; examine the whole pape; with care, and determine if you do not need just such a weekly newspaper as THE BLADE.

If you do, send us your subscription. If you desire to ask your neighbors to subscribe, write to us for private terms to agents. Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

WHO SHOULD OPPOSE THE RUM TRAFFIC.

The question now before the people of Pennsylvania is, shall Prohibition be placed in the state constitution? It is to the best interests of the state that it should prohibit the Rum traffic, and we do not know a way of doing it better than incorporating it in the organic law of the state. And it is to be hoped that every one whose personal interests are affected by this accursed traffic shall do all that he can for himself, his family, his friends and his business, by casting his vote for the Prohibitory amendment. We say every such one; and by that we mean that every honest voter in the state, unless he be directly and personally interested in liquor making or selling, has an actual personal interest in the extinction of the Rum traffic.

Every parent has a tremendous interest in abolishing it, on account of his children. Youth is rash, headstrong, over-confident, impatient of control, neglectful of warning. A boy may have the best intentions in the world, yet easily yield to the temptation which the open saloon puts in his path at every turn. On strictly business grounds, leaving out the moral aspect of the matter, it pays a young man to be a total abstainer. No business man cares to have in his office a subordinate who drinks; no merchant wants behind his counter one who is intemperate; no employer in any industrial establishment cares to have an employe who goes on drunken debauches and returns to labor with a dull brain, flaccid muscles and unsteady nerves, unfit to accomplish thorough and rapid work. Many railway companies will not employ in their operating departments men known to be addicted to the use of liquor. The safety of the lives and property entrusted to their care depends too largely upon the fidelity to duty of the employes. A drunken switchman may, by throwing the wrong switch, send a train with its precious load to destruction, and carry life-long sorrow to scores of homes.

Hence, we repeat, every parent owes it to his children to throw the strength of his vote and of his influence against this giant evil, simply for the sake of having it removed from their path, and diminishing, by so much, the dangers that surround them. There is no one but sincerely desires to see his sons grow up into honest sober men, fitted to cope with the world on advantageous terms and win success and wealth. He owes it to them to rear them in habits of strict sobriety, and to impress it upon them that indulgence in drink handicaps them heavily in any life work upon which they may be entering. Year by year the feeling among employers of labor, especially of intelligent, trained labor, in which the recompense of the workingman is the largest, is more and more against drinking men. There can be no stronger condemnation of an applicant for a position of trust and responsibility than the two words, "He drinks!"

We say nothing of the sorrow, the shame, the suffering of parents whose children have gone astray—have left the path of sobriety to become the slaves of the drink habit. Nor have we taken into consideration the loss of all that can make this life happy to the rum victim himself, not to speak of the awful fact that he barters all hope of eternity for the wretched delirium of drunkenness. "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven." Much might be said on these phases of the subject; but we cannot take the time to consider them at this time. We simply wish to call the attention of every father who is a voter to the tremendous responsibility that is involved if he casts his vote for the perpetuation of this soul-destroying traffic. Whether it be licensed or unlicensed, so long as the saloon exists, so long will deadly temptation be daily before every young man in the land.

Every business man, no matter what branch may engage his attention, owes it to himself to vote for Prohibition and in favor of the closing of every saloon. The reason is as simple as it is strong. Every dollar that passes over the counter of a saloon means that just that much less will pass into the tills of men engaged in reputable and honest traffic. Were the opportunity to purchase body-rot cut off, the men who pour their earnings into the coffers of the Rum Power would spend it for the necessities, comforts and conveniences of life for themselves and their families. If the millions of dollars that are spent in the state of Pennsylvania *each year for Rum* were paid out for *these things* instead, would not *honest business receive* an impetus that *would benefit* every one engaged therein? *Would not* the consumption of staple articles of the better class largely increase? Would not the entire community be more prosperous, taxes be lighter, the amount of crime be lessened (as is the case in Iowa), and the entire community be benefited?

So plain is the case that it needs no demonstration to the thinking man. So far as the man who drinks is concerned, the money he pays for Rum, his voluntary tax to the Rum Power, is worse than lost. It not only brings him nothing valuable in return, but it, as SHAKESPEARE says, "puts an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains." Yes, and more than his brains. It takes from him his health, the esteem and confidence of his fellow-men, his prospect of long life, any hope of a serene old age, surrounded by the comforts purchased with the savings of an economical, well-spent life of labor. It not only drags him down, but, worse than this, it drags the innocent ones who are dependent upon him also into the slough of poverty, misery, ignorance and degradation. Can any honest man find a reason potent enough to cause him to cast his vote against Prohibition, and in favor of the perpetuation of the infernal traffic which is responsible for all these things?

Every citizen who is interested in the welfare of the rising generation should vote for Prohibition in order to crush the Rum Traffic—if for no other reason, because the children of its innumerable victims are handicapped in the race of life from their very cradles—not through any fault of theirs, but through the sins of their fathers. Too often the baleful effects of Rum upon the parent are shown in the child, burdened with life-long disease, either mental or physical. Never can a child, born in poverty and misery, ill nourished and badly cared for through its earlier years, come to full physical perfection. Aside from this, proper home training and regular schooling are neglected; and with the result that, each year there comes upon the stage of active life a generation of young men and women, unfitted for the higher and better lines of work, and, more sad than all else, too often with an inherited taint in the blood that impels them to courses of vice or crime. The chances of success in life are against them, and have been against them from their birth. They are more easily led into temptation, more prone to fall, than are those born under more benign influences, and reared under brighter auspices. How can any man who realizes the solemn fact that the impress given to the youth of our land to-day, in their formative life-period, will dominate them when they reach the years of maturity, and thus become a factor in the progress or decline of human civilization, fail to record his vote against the great evil of our time—and, more than this, to throw his whole soul into the contest in favor of Prohibition? There is no argument in favor of Rum that can stand for one moment against the mighty argument of the deterioration of the race, physically, mentally and morally, under the malign influence of Rum. Vote for posterity!

It goes without saying that every man who is a Christian must be opposed to the Rum traffic, and cannot cast his vote for it without stultifying himself. If he feels in his heart that great spirit of human brotherhood that is the cardinal doctrine of the "lowly One of Nazareth," he must of necessity be the active, unrelenting, tireless enemy of the Rum Power. The saloon interest is the one great evil of our land, the one thing that is doing more than all others to retard the march of the gospel. The saloons of every city are filled all day long on Sunday with men who should be in our churches, with young men and large boys who should be in Sunday schools. Rum is the great enemy of the Fourth Commandment, and its votaries are doing more than all other influences to profane the day of rest, to destroy the Christian Sabbath, to break down the bulwarks of Christian civilization and to drag down mankind to a lower level, wherein appetite shall rule, and men's passions and selfish instincts be their rule of action, rather than the "new commandment" given unto us by our Savior, and the Golden Rule, which he declared to be man's highest rule of personal conduct. So long as Rum shall reign and the saloon flourish, so long will the Christian church lack prosperity. Every Christian man should take up arms against the Rum Power, and never cease his warfare on this giant evil. Every Christian pulpit should labor to inflame the zeal of the congregation against the giant curse of our day, this thrice-armed foe of Christianity, this potent enemy of the highest and best type of civilization.

There are too many people who yet look upon this subject of Prohibition with indifferent eyes. There are far too many who think it something which does not concern them personally. They must be roused from their indifference; they must be brought to see that it is something which is of vital interest to their own homes, their business, their prosperity, their duty to their fellow men. They must be compelled to abandon their non committal attitude. They must be brought to recognize the magnitude of the overshadowing evil of this age and generation. They must be brought to realize the grave dangers with which it threatens the nation, the unmitigated curse it is to humanity. They must be roused to an active realization that it is their duty as parents, as business men, as Christians, as honest, moral, upright citizens, to work and vote for Prohibition in order to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

JUDGE THAYER, of the United States District Court, St. Louis, has decided that the taking of a newspaper from the top of a mail box is no offense against the laws. He holds that the top of a mail box is not a receptacle for mail. In which position the judge is undoubtedly right. He might have added that the man who would steal a newspaper under such conditions has a soul of such exceeding smallness that it would be lost in the comparative immensity of a hollow mustard seed.

THE Republicans in the New York legislature pushed the Saxton ballot reform bill through, in spite of the solid opposition of the Democrats. Governor HILL is racking his brains to find grounds on which to veto it. It is a matter that does not escape the attention of the people that the Republican party takes the lead in the endeavor to secure honest elections, and that the Democrats generally oppose such measures.

THE whole matter of building up our ocean commerce is compactly put in the following paragraph by the Chicago *Journal:*

To secure ocean commerce for American shipping it must be protected by reasonable subsidies. Otherwise it cannot compete with the free trade shipping of Europe and the free trade wages of European sailors.

THE decision of the Maryland Court of Appeals, making a wife responsible for the debts of her husband, seems to be in the line of that noble aspiration which would remove all distinctions on account of sex. The women are gradually coming into their rights.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S proclamation, appointing 9 o'clock a. m., April 30, as an hour for divine worship in all the churches, after the manner of century ago, is a reminder that our ancestors used to get up earlier in the morning than their descendants do.

THE celebration of the centennial of WASHINGTON'S inauguration at New York is going to surpass the original event in every respect. The metropolis will have more people packed into it on that occasion that it ever had before.

THE Democrats, at the judicial election in Arkansas, carried the state by less than 9,000 majority, as against more than twice that majority last November. Bourbonism is evidently disheartened down among the "Toothpicks."

YELLOW FEVER is prevailing in epidemic form at Rio Janeiro. Let us hope that stringent quarantine measures will keep it from reaching the Gulf ports of the United States. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

THE Washington *Post* is making an attack upon the present rules of the House of Representatives. It can be truthfully said of the rules that they are clumsy, obstructive, ridiculous and altogether useless.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the venerable historian, is slowly declining in health. He is nearly 82 years old.

NEW YORK'S GREAT JUBILEE.

The centennial celebration of the inauguration of the first President of the United States, and of the going into operation of our present constitution, which occurs in New York on April 29 and 30 and May 1, promises to be one of the most noteworthy of the cycle, beginning in 1876 with the celebration of the centennial of the Declaration of Independence, and a fitting close to the series. The marked feature of each day will be the grand parades and naval display. The 29th will be devoted to the latter. On the 30th the military parade occurs, and it will be most imposing. Not less than 50,000 soldiers will be in line, the great majority being the militia of the states. The New York *Sun* says:

The great parade will occur on the second day of the celebration, April 30, and the head of the procession will move from Wall street and Broadway at 10 in the morning. The forces of the states will be put in line in the order in which the thirteen original states ratified the constitution and in which the remainder were admitted to the Union. It will probably take seven or eight hours for them to pass a given point, and they will be the greatest body of soldiery which has been seen in this country by the generation who has come up since the war.

The third and last day will be that of the civil and industrial parade, and everybody in New York, especially the industrial associations, trades unions, etc., and the foreign-born population of the city. Every prominent art and industry will be represented in the street display, and the various associations and organizations, including the many Roman Catholic societies, will swell the procession to monster proportions.

These public displays will be the real features of interest. The centennial ball, the banquet, the services in the churches, etc., will be attended by the few; the three great salient features will be open to all, and of such a nature that all can see and enjoy. New York City will make a holiday of the occasion, and her people, with the gathered myriads from all portions of the country, will hold high carnival on an occasion that will prove to be historic.

THE OKLAHOMA SITUATION.

The idea, always so strong in men's minds, that if anybody is going to get hurt it will be the other fellow, receives its best illustration in the present situation of things around Oklahoma. There are fifty thousand eager men waiting for the word which will allow them to invade and occupy a territory which can not contain more than ten thousand. And yet, with a full knowledge of that fact, there are many thousands more, either on their way or making preparations to go to what they all seem to consider a promised land. What a mad race it will be when the drum is tapped at noon of April 22! From 50,000 to 60,000 eager, excited men, filled with a mad enthusiasm and urged on by a determination to succeed, suddenly let loose, as dogs from a leash, and thrown in a wild charge upon the country. That there will be fierce conflicts is necessary, that some of them will be sanguinary is unavoidable, and the best that can be hoped for is that the struggle for claims does not take the form of a guerrilla warfare.

A WISE SUGGESTION.

President MCBRIDE, of the Miners' union, did a wise thing and a manly thing when he advised the coal miners to agree on the terms offered by the operators in the Ohio and Pennsylvania districts. As he points out, the proposition of the operators is practically the same as the demands of the miners, and, if the work can be carried on for a year without any clash between capital and labor, the result will be a better feeling all around, and a much better chance that the interests of both miners and operators alike can be advanced in the future.

THE acquittal of Miss BEECHLER, who killed young KING in Omaha, is practically a legal decision to the effect that when a man sustains other than legitimate relations with a pretty woman he does it at his own risk. The outcome might be well enough did it not put too much power in the hands of handsome but unprincipled women, and the further fact that a homely woman who tried to exercise the same license of shooting men who did not do as she wished would undoubtedly suffer for it. It can be urged, however, that ugly women rarely get into these difficulties.

THE Democrats who are urging the nomination of ALLEN W. THURMAN, the son of the "Old Roman," as their candidate for governor this year, are forgetting their slurs at ROBERT T. LINCOLN as "the son of his father," etc. Young THURMAN never having done the least thing to bring him into notice, and no capacity as a leader or anything else of the sort, it is apparent that they hope to win the election on the strength of his name alone. The people, however, are not likely to endorse this idea at the polls; they never do, except in the case of a "worthy son of a worthy sire."

THE following Bourbon yawp comes from the Macon, Georgia, *News*. It is a pity that a man who holds to the silly idea that a rebellion to perpetuate the institution of human slavery was a "grand and noble struggle for right," etc., should be in any position in which he can influence public sentiment in the slightest degree:

We do not consider the late war between the states in any sense a rebellion. It was a grand and noble struggle for right, country, principle, and liberty, in which justice did not triumph and truth did not prevail.

THE mugwump papers which groaned and travailed in spirit because of the alleged prominence Mr. BLAINE would have in the administration, are now affectionately bemoaning the fact that Mr. HARRISON is president in fact as well as in name, and Mr. BLAINE is not controlling him. Meantime the two gentlemen's official and personal relations are of the most harmonious and friendly character, and mugwump criticism disturbs neither.

A MAN in Michigan, whose chief means of recreation consisted in beating his wife, was very much surprised the other night when a dozen women took him out of his house and administered a most beautiful thrashing with hickory switches. Justice controls sometimes, even in this world.

SOME of the Democratic Congressional leaders are now talking earnestly in favor of civil service reform. They should have taken that stand four years ago, when their party was by accident in a position to carry out that much-needed reform.

THE Missouri woman who objects to Secretary of War PROCTOR, because he wears whiskers and no mustache, differs from most of her sex. What the women generally object to is the prickly mustache.

THE new United States Senator from Rhode Island, Hon NATHAN F. DIXON, comes from old Whig stock. His grandfather was a Senator some fifty years ago, and his father served three terms in the House.

THE Mormons are again agitating in favor of statehood for Utah. Let them abandon their disgusting system of concubinage in good faith, and they will be able to walk right in.

The new Wisconsin election law is extremely strict—more so even that the Australian system, on which it is founded. It will preclude the possibility of fraud at the polls.

EMPEROR WILHELM of Germany is going to send several editors out of the country. President HARRISON is doing the same thing, but there's a difference.

RUSSELL HARRISON has been hauled up in New York for libel. Mr. HARRISON is getting thoroughly inducted into the joys and troubles of newspaper work.

ARMOUR WINS AGAIN.

New Yorkers are wondering what has become of that American Meat Company they were getting up, and which was to enter into active competition with the ARMOUR combination. Starting out with every prospect of success, with stock subscriptions pouring in until there was no question but that the full amount would be taken, the promoters suddenly threw up the work, declined to receive any more subscriptions and declared the project abandoned. It is not difficult to see the hand of PHIL ARMOUR in this sudden change of front. The president and vice president of the projected meat company are also officers in the cotton seed trust, and there is where the shoe pinches. ARMOUR is largely interested in the cotton seed trust, and is by all odds its heaviest customer. It may be news to some old-fashioned people, who supposed that lard was made from hogs, to know that nowadays it is made largely from cotton seed oil; but such is the fact and the cotton seed trust cannot afford to get into any dispute with so influential a packer as Mr. ARMOUR. Hence this sudden action.

This making of lard out of cotton seed oil recalls the collapse of the MCGEOCH lard corner in Chicago a few years ago. PETER MCGEOCH knew how much lard could be made out of a hog. He knew how many hogs came into Chicago every day, and he thought it a simple mathematical problem to figure out how much he would have to buy every day in order to control the market. But after he had reached this limit and gone far beyond it, still there seemed to be no decrease in the amount of lard offered him. The packers had lard galore to sell, and MCGEOCH began to think that every hog which came to Chicago was pure lard, until he discovered that the lard being sold to him was made from cotton seed oil. Then he refused to receive it, but it was too late. The corner was broken and MCGEOCH had lost two million dollars.

ANOTHER AWFUL CATASTROPHE.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the fears that another ocean steamer has gone to the bottom will prove unfounded. The sudden sinking to eternity of between six and seven hundred people is an awful thing to contemplate. The passengers on the Danmark were mainly emigrants. They had left their native land, abandoned their birthplaces, sundered the ties which bound them to parents, relatives, lovers and friends; put behind them all the old associations which are so strong, and sailed out upon a treacherous sea to seek a land where they hoped to secure a better living for themselves, or the means of making easier the ones they loved. Their sorrow at leaving was in a measure assuaged by the bright anticipations of the better time coming, and as each day brought them nearer the promised land their grief became less and their hearts lighter. Then, in a moment everything was over. Sorrow and joy was alike, for the ship went down, and the hundreds of lives it was bearing toward the west went out at once in the ocean's cruel embrace. There was none to help them, none to save. Fortunately the end came quickly.

THE BOURBON CREED.

The New York *Press* has grown somewhat aweary of the Democratic party's stupid and needless opposition to anything and everything in national affairs which is not dictated by Bourbon ideas and which does not inure to the particular benefit of Democrats. It has collated and printed a number of instances of such opposition, under the head of "The New Democratic Decalogue," which is so clever that THE BLADE herewith reproduces it:

1. Thou shalt not succeed.
2. Thou shalt not have a father who amounts to anything.
3. Thou shalt not have any ballot reform.
4. Thou shalt not raise any liquor licenses, nor close any liquor saloons, nor stop liquor dealers from selling liquor to minors, habitual drunkards, and to everybody on the Sabbath.
5. Thou shalt not revise the tariff, unless thou revise it in our way, so as to make less tariff.
6. Thou shalt not touch the internal revenue taxes.
7. Thou shalt not forbid intimidation and bribery at elections, or suffer any son of Ham to vote unless he votes the right ticket.
8. Thou shalt not pension the blind, the lame and the halt old soldier; neither shalt thou provide for the soldier's widow nor the fatherless children thereof.
9. Thou shalt not have any navy nor coast defenses.
10. Thou shalt abase thyself before other nations; they shall prey upon thee and divide the spoils, and thou shalt go into a hole and pull the hole in after thee.

THE announcement to the office-seeking brigade by the President that he intends to rely upon his Cabinet to examine the papers of applicants, has created considerable sensation among those who are aspiring to the better class of positions. Those who are anxious to serve the country abroad are awaiting the action of Mr. WHARTON, the new Assistant Secretary of State, under whose direct charge is the entire consular service. When he is ready he will go all through the list of consuls, look up their records, see by whom they were appointed, how long and how well they have served, and decide who shall be retained and what vacancy shall be made. As to the political faith of the incumbents and the effect it will have on their standing, only this is said, that where an ex-Confederate soldier, a Democrat, is found occupying a place from which an ex-Union soldier has been dismissed to make room for him, the ex-Confederate Democrat will have to make room for a Republican.

We look for violence and even bloodshed in Oklahoma before the thousands, impatiently waiting on the border for the 22d, get the coveted land located. The old "boomers," who have been hanging around the Indian Territory for years, will stand no better chance—they will, indeed, stand a worse one, if the terms of the President's proclamation are enforced—in the selection of homesteads, than the tenderfoot who arrives on the ground on the evening of April 21. But they have their lands selected, and being largely of a roving and law-defying class, will be inclined to resist by force any new-comer who happens to locate on a claim that one of them has previously chosen, irrespective of the fact that the "boomer" has not the slightest right to it, moral or legal.

MISS BEECHER, who shot young KING in Omaha, because he married another woman, has been declared not guilty—a sympathetic jury finding her insane. The verdict is of course a ridiculous one, but as it will doubtless prove a warning to fast young men who have extremely indefinite ideas as to their duty to women, it is perhaps just as well.

IT would seem as if a nation as well to do as this one could afford to spend a few dollars fixing up the sanitary conditions of the White House so a president does not have to risk his life and the lives of his family living in it. It should either do this or else make the president an allowance for physician's bills.

IT is now legal in Ohio to use "pasters" on tickets at elections. They are merely slips of thin paper, just wide enough to contain one name (which must be printed in red ink), and gummed on the back like postage-stamps. One can thus be pasted directly over the name of the candidate who is to be "scratched."

BOULANGER certainly acts up to the maxim that "discretion is the better part of valor." His discretion is shown in his promptly removing his base of operations to foreign soil as soon as the danger of arrest seemed threatening.

COAL MINING WAGES.

It may be of interest to the people of the West, who throughout the Presidential campaign last year, were told by free trade papers and free trade orators of the "starvation wages" of miners in the Pennsylvania coal fields, to know exactly what wages they really make. The *Engineering and Mining Journal* has taken the pains to collate a table, from the actual pay-rolls of a coal mine in the Schuylkill region. The fact is to be remembered that the rate for mining is the same in all mines in that region, the men all belonging to the miners' union. The pay roll was for the entire year 1888, and shows actual net earnings, after deducting the cost of powder and supplies. The first half of the table gives the ten workmen who earned the highest total wages; the second half, the ten who earned the lowest. The workmen are numbered in the first column; the second is the total net wages for the year; the third, the average for each day of ten hours:

MAXIMUM WAGES.			MINIMUM WAGES.		
No.	Total Wages.	Rate per day of 10 hrs.	No.	Total Wages.	Rate per day of 10 hrs.
1..	$1,005 93	$4 23.9	1..	$433 29	$1 78.1
2..	1,011 86	4 10.4	2..	435 29	1 82.9
3..	853 57	3 48.2	3..	462 44	1 95.9
4..	836 53	3 40.7	4..	475 71	2 02.1
5..	836 45	3 39.2	5..	500 82	2 13.1
6..	836 98	3 38.4	6..	523 10	2 22.9
7..	815 02	3 31.9	7..	526 93	2 24.6
8..	814 99	3 31.9	8..	531 64	2 25.8
9..	814 60	3 30.4	9..	528 60	2 26.4
10..	760 37	3 08.4	10..	560 88	2 30.8

The farmers of the West who have been deceived by free trade campaign stories will do well to examine this table carefully. The difference in the amounts received is due to two causes; first, that some men worked steadily, while others took frequent holidays; second, that some miners are more expert than others, and can get out a larger amount of coal in the same time. The pay is by the ton, of course. The figures do not bear out the cry of "pauper labor" in the coal mines, nor the statement that the miners were working for "sixty cents a day. The above table is worth preserving as an answer to the same old lie, which will be again set in circulation during the next campaign.

A HOME RULE FARCE.

The local government bill for Scotland, introduced in the Commons by the Tory ministry, is not a Home Rule measure in reality, but practically an attempt to head off the Home Rule movement in the Scottish Highlands. The Irish have long demanded, the Scots are beginning to demand, a restoration of the ancient parliaments with full power to legislate on local affairs. The Scottish parliament went out of existence in 1707, the Irish parliament was finally dissolved in 1800, and since then the British parliament at Westminster, English by an overwhelming majority, has performed the work of legislation for the three nations.

The new bilill does not provide for a legislative body, or Parliament, for Scotland, having power to legislate on that country's affairs. Instead of this it provides for the establishment of boards in all the counties of Scotland, which shall have jurisdiction over local affairs heretofore controlled by the Imperial Parliament. It is a step in the right direction, but it is no more to be regarded as the equivalent of Home Rule than would be the right to elect county commissioners here in Ohio equivalent to the right to elect a state general assembly. The county boards are all right, but in Scotland, as in Ireland, they will only tend to stimulate the growing demand for the full restitution of the right of self government.

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." We require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

THE Rhode Island election was of national importance in that it might have lost the United States Senate to the Republicans. Their majority in the legislature, which will not be exactly ascertained until all the districts which did not choose representatives, have held their postponed elections, is not likely to be more than five. If ex-Senator Jonathan Chace had been able to forsee this, as well as the struggle which has been going on between the factions over the choice of his successor, he would probrbly have held back his resignation. As it is, the Republican majority in the senate at Washington has been in danger of being lost by the unforseen consequences of that act. It is proper to say that the narrowness of the margin in this election is not due to any change in public sentiment in the state, but to the fact that the amendment to the state constitution, passed by a Republican legislature and adopted by the people, removed the property qualification for voters, and added several thousand new citizens, largely of the ignorant class.

CIDER AS AN INTOXICANT.

AN Iowa court has decided that cider is an intoxicating liquor. There is not the least doubt but that a man can get drunk as a lord on cider, so drunk that he goes home, abuses his wife, beats his children and breaks the furniture. Still there has been a pleasing fiction extant that cider is not intoxicating. It remained, however, for the Iowa judge to put a little common sense into the interpretation of the law.

THE Democratic vacancy on the Civil Service commission is being actively sought for. Hon. MILTON J. DURHAM, the present First Comptroller of the Treasury, is one applicant. Ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury THOMPSON, of South Carolina, was appointed to this office by President CLEVELAND, but the Senate failed to confirm him. He is, however, making a fight for reappointment by President HARRISON. Ex-Representative TRUMAN A. MERRIMAN, of New York, backed by Hon. SAMUEL J. RANDALL, is also making a struggle for the place.

MAJOR ARMES, a retired officer, who lost his temper in a controversy growing out of the inauguration of President HARRISON, and grossly insulted Governor BEAVER, of Pennsylvania, has sent an abject apology to the latter, and asks him to interfere and prevent if possible a court-martial which has been ordered in the case. Moral—Keep your temper.

THE news comes from abroad that as WILLIAM H. SMITH is to be raised to a peerage, BALFOUR will succeed him as leader of the Tory party. As the only reason for the existence of this party is hatred of Ireland, BALFOUR is undoubtedly the right man for the place.

IT is now reported that Senator PAYNE has reconsidered his announcement that he is a candidate for reelection, and does not want a vindication as badly as he did awhile ago. It is a wise man that does not want what he knows he cannot get.

THE SAMOAN CONFERENCE.

The United States commissioners to the Samoan conference are on their way to Berlin. Pending the action of this body, which assembles on May 15, the government of this country, Great Britain and Germany have agreed to each keep but one war vessel at Samoa. This agreement has been made on the suggestion of Germany, and means, of course, that pending that conference the German government will not attempt to take any unfair advantages or seek to revive the aggressive measures which preceded the recall of the German officials in Samoa. It is ascertained that the State department indicated a readiness to consider the proposition as soon as it was submitted, but that some time was necessary to come to an agreement as to the details. One of the details was as to the character of the vessels which each government should have on duty in those waters. The understanding is that there is to be no great disparity in the character of the vessels.

The representatives of the United States go with instructions to secure, if possible, just what Secretary BAYARD claimed in his letter of January, 1888, to Minister PENDLETON—neutrality for Samoa and autonomy for the Samoans under the guarantees of Germany, England and the United States. England has announced to our government a willingness to agree to any settlement which meets the approval of our government.

BALLOT REFORM.

The progress of ballot reform in the United States is rapid. The states of Massachusetts, Indiana, Montana, Rhode Island, Tennessee and Wisconsin have each adopted some form of the Australian ballot system. This advance in electoral reform has been accomplished in an exceedingly short space of time—three years at the outside. The same rate of progress will see the Australian system in general operation in every state in a very few years.

The need of some method by which voters may be protected from the invasion of their rights and privileges, and secure immunity from both the temptations of corruption and the coercion of fear, has long been recognized. The growing power of money in elections and the dominating influence of employers over employes are both deplorable. They are in a large degree removed by the operations of the Australian system.

There is no doubt of the usefulness of this system. Where the state prints the ballots and performs the functions now imposed on committees, the excuse for the creation of large corruption funds no longer exists; and where candidates are required to produce statements of their expenditures, voters will be as slow to accept their money for corruption as they will be to offer it.

NOTE THE SIXTH PAGE.

It is desired to call the attention of the readers of THE BLADE to the excellence of the Household page in this issue. Not that it is so much better than those which have gone before, but because its completeness is a thing of which any journal may congratulate itself and its readers.

First there is Miss BOUTON'S article upon the possibility of women making good architects, giving an account of Miss TILLINGHAST to bear out her assertions.

Then there is something from Mrs. THOMPSON'S facile pen regarding decorative work; sensible words from "Montana May;" a helpful article about folding screens; with one or two other excellent letters.

A description is also given of a "conundrum supper," including the menu. The series of entertainments which is now in the course of giving, has proved a very popular feature.

Beside these things mentioned are the inquiries, the suggestive answers to those which have gone before, and the recipes which are such a help to housekeepers.

A great deal of labor is given each week to make this department the very best in its especial direction of any published in the United States.

Next week Miss BOUTON will give some additional facts about Miss MARY L. BOOTH, the late editor of *Harper's Bazar*, with some advice to ambitious young women.

LEADING textile manufacturers of the country have taken steps to endow a school in this country where designing, weaving, dyeing and finishing may be taught as in the best foreign schools to which Americans are not admitted. The object is three fold—to elevate the character and improve the style of American fabrics, to render domestic manufactures independent of European art and skill in the production of high grade goods, and to emancipate American industries in this department from the despotism of trades unions, which do not allow more than one apprentice to a certain number of weavers.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

A RESOLUTION for the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the state constitution of Connecticut, has been favorably reported to the legislature, and it is thought probable it will receive the necessary two-thirds vote in that body.

MANY of the boomers who are having such a hard time of it getting into Oklahoma will think their present job enervating ease itself when they come to compare it with the difficulties in getting out.

THE determination of the United States and Germany to keep only one vessel each at Samoa pending the conference is a wise one. It decreases the possible loss by the next hurricane that comes along.

AN interesting letter on the workings of Prohibition will be found on the third page of this issue. It is from an esteemed correspondent of THE BLADE at Oxford, Iowa, and is well worth reading.

IF the Inter-state Commerce commission succeeds in compelling Southern railroads to treat colored passengers as well as white ones, it will give the first real reason for its existence.

IN the light of the recent hurricane at Samoa, Balboa, had he lived until now would have to confess that he made a serious error when he named that ocean the Pacific.

NEW MEXICO is pouting because she cannot become a state also. New Mexico will have to furnish good evidence of a sincere repentance before she can be taken in.

WE notice that the stores in Cincinnati are advertising "confirmation suits." Mr. HALSTEAD should have bought one some time ago.

THE Republicans carried El Paso, Texas, at the recent election. Wonders will never cease, and there is some hope for Texas yet.

THERE is not a Democrat in Ohio but is patting MURAT HALSTEAD on the back just now and saying "Good boy! keep it up."

THE doorkeeper of the Indiana legislature has committed suicide. A man cannot stand everything.

OHIO has got something. CHARLES FOSTER has been appointed a commissioner to visit the Sioux Indians.

TO THE WORKERS FOR PROHIBITION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

We are receiving many requests from the men who are working for the success of the Prohibition amendment in Pennsylvania, asking for terms for individual issues of THE BLADE to use as campaign documents. The present number is one that is unequalled for the purpose. We regard the letter of Governor HUMPHREY, of Kansas, as a most complete and unanswerable reply to the specious objections raised by the Rum Power. The votaries of Rum declares that "Prohibition does not prohibit;" Governor HUMPHREY shows that it does. They declare that Prohibition injures business, hinders growth, and reduces valuations; Governor HUMPHREY proves by incontestable statistics that it does not. His letter is an argument that should be in the hands of every voter. Besides this, the interview with Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, and other articles, are of value to all friends of Prohibition.

We shall keep the stereotype plates of this issue of the WEEKLY BLADE for a short time, and will furnish copies for use in this campaign at the rates given below.

Please notice that these rates are for this individual number of THE BLADE, sent by mail, postpaid, to one address:

1,000 copies	$15 00
500 copies	8 00
100 copies	2 00

It is the best possible campaign tract, as it will be preserved and read where a single speech, in pamphlet form, would be thrown away unnoticed. Send in your orders promptly. There should be 100,000 copies of this issue of THE BLADE used in Pennsylvania alone! Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

GOVERNOR HUMPHREY ON PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

We publish elsewhere in to-day's issue a long and extremely interesting letter from Hon. LYMAN U. HUMPHREY, Governor of Kansas, in reply to a request from THE BLADE for a statement as to the workings of Prohibition in that state. His reply is not only full and clear, but absolutely convincing. We can not understand how any honest, fair-minded man can read it and not at once throw all doubts he may have as to the practical success of a Prohibition policy to the winds.

Prohibition has been enforced in Kansas for eight years—since 1881. Had its effect been detrimental to business, to property values, increased taxation, or in any other way affected unfavorably the financial interests of the state or the people, it is plain that the steady increase of public sentiment in its favor would not have occurred. So preponderating has the feeling in its favor become, that no political party in Kansas dare take in its state platform an attitude of hostility to Prohibition, or to declare in favor of reopening the question by advocating a resubmission of the question to a popular vote!

Governor HUMPHREY gives statistics that show the fallacy of the "business argument" that is advanced in Pennsylvania against the amendment. He shows that "Prohibition does prohibit" in Kansas, and his letter is an overwhelming answer to the specious pleas of the Rum Power and its advocates in Pennsylvania and elsewhere.

We ask every reader of THE BLADE to carefully peruse the Governor's letter, and determine for himself the wisdom of Prohibition. Taken in connection with the letter of Governor LARRABEE, of Iowa, given last week, it answers every argument of the Rum Power against Prohibition, and shows conclusively that Kansas and Iowa are not only Prohibitory states, but that they are prospering, and that in a way that benefits every citizen. Prohibition *does* prohibit in the West!

A REQUEST.

We shall be much obliged to our readers in Pennsylvania if they will send us copies of the campaign literature circulated in that state, opposing Prohibition. We shall be glad to refute the arguments of the Rum Power, and show their falsity through our columns. Do it *at once!*

A DEMOCRATIC DISPUTE.

If Mr. DANA, of the New York *Sun*, has any special forte it is in suggesting Democratic candidates before the nomination and opposing them afterward. Just now it wants Governor HILL and SAMUEL RANDALL put up for first and second place, respectively, in 1892. It is needless to say that Mr. DANA will be again disappointed. The Democratic party is now too firmly committed to free trade to allow of any such procedure as that, and should it be attempted, there would go up a Macedonian cry from the Potomac to the banks of the Rio Grande, in comparison with which the old rebel yell would be as a faint whisper. HILL may do for New York, but he can never find favor in Mississippi, and while RANDALL is satisfactory to Pennsylvania, Texas would have none of him. In fact, the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, which is about as Bourbon as they make them, is out in a double headed protest, and the animals are being stirred up all along the line. To the disinterested observer it would seem as if it was rather early to begin talking about 1892. There is no certainty there will be any Democratic party existing when that time comes around.

REAR ADMIRAL FRANKLIN, president of the board of American delegates to the International Marine conference, has submitted to the secretary

PROHIBITS IN KANSAS

The People Practically Solid for the Prohibition Policy.

An Outspoken Letter to the Blade from Kansas's Governor,

HON. LYMAN U. HUMPHREY.

He Knows That "Prohibition Does Prohibit" in Kansas,

And Gives a Most Interesting Resume of the Struggle There.

THE BLADE recently wrote to the Hon. Wm. Larrabee, Governor of the state of Iowa, and Hon. Lyman U. Humphrey, Governor of the state of Kansas, asking for a frank and full statement as to the efficiency of the Prohibition laws in these two great states. Last week we published the reply Governor Larrabee, with the accompanying documents sent us. To-day we give the letter of Governor Humphrey, which is absolutely convincing to any fair-minded man, endeavoring to arrive at an honest opinion upon the matter. It is commended to the earnest attention of every BLADE reader, and especially to the consideration of the voters of the state of Pennsylvania.

GOV. HUMPHREY'S LETTER.

STATE OF KANSAS, GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,
TOPEKA, April 11, 1889.

Editor Blade, Toledo, Ohio:

MY DEAR SIR:—Under recent date you ask me for a statement concerning prohibition in Kansas, to which I reply in haste, regretting that the press of public business will not permit me to respond as fully and carefully as the importance of the subject might seem to require.

You call for a statement. I suppose what you want are the facts concerning the enforcement of prohibition, data and results derived from our experience, from which you and others may draw your own conclusions and formulate your own arguments. I suppose, also, that the real, practical inquiry with you is not whether prohibition is desirable or not, but whether it is practicable, or, as the phrase goes, "does prohibition prohibit?" For few enemies of prohibition can now be found who dare defend the unrestricted sale of intoxicants, in the face of the settled public judgment of the closing years of the Nineteenth Century, which, with practical unanimity, holds the open saloon to be a public nuisance, a moral iniquity, the sworn enemy of the home, of society and the state, the rendezvous of criminals, the threshold of the asylum, the almshouse and the penitentiary.

KANSAS ADOPTED PROHIBITION

by a constitutional amendment in 1880, and legislation to enforce it passed in 1881. In this, of course, Kansas led the way in the cause of the home against the saloon, as she had, twenty years before, fired the first shot that precipitated the great struggle for human liberty, destined never to end till Kansas and the nation were made free. Hence, for several years, the legislation in aid of our constitutional amendment, without precedent or example to guide, was purely experimental. The amended act of 1887 seems such a near approach to what is wanted that the legislature of 1889, just adjourned, deemed no material changes advisable. During the eight years of trial, the opposition to prohibition has expended its force in the effort to secure the election of members committed to the scheme of resubmitting the whole question to the people, but the effort has proven fruitless and barren of results, except to emphasize the growing power of opposite sentiment. Each legislature comes fresh from the people

STRONGER THAN ITS IMMEDIATE PREDECESSOR

IN FAVOR OF PROHIBITION,

as reflected in the enforcement laws passed at each session, more and more rigid, keeping pace wisely with the steady advance of public opinion.

During the session just adjourned, as I now remember, for the first time since the struggle began in 1881, not a single resolution was offered looking to the resubmission of the question.

In each and every general election since 1881, the two leading parties have joined issue squarely and sharply upon this phase of the controversy, one declaring for resubmission, the other against it, until last year's campaign, in which no political party platform contained a resubmission plank—a significant omission, a yielding to the inevitable, as it were.

The usual declaration was, however, persisted in against prohibition, generally, in the platform of one party, while the other boldly declared its faith in prohibition, in its present success, and demanding more stringent legislation, if necessary, for its enforcement. "The home against the saloon," "the saloon must go," and other like expressions, were familiar watchwords of the campaign. On such a platform, in the great campaign of last year, the present state officers were elected by the unprecedented majority that makes Kansas the banner Republican state of the Union, carrying 104 of the 106 organized counties of the state. The present legislature, chosen at this same time, is practically unanimous in political complexion in both Houses, the opposition having but one senator out of forty, and five members of the House out of 125—twenty to thirty opposition members, on joint ballot, being not unknown or uncommon.

Nor is it just to count these so-called opposition, which includes Democrats and Union Labor, which has its advocates regardless of party lines; or, in other words, the friends and enemies are not arrayed on the exact lines that divide political parties. Hence, I allude to the complexion of the present legislature, and to what has been characterized, by those who don't like it, as the "beastly majority" given the state ticket last fall.

AS PREGNANT WITH MEANING,

going to show, in a measure, the present state of public judgment as recently expressed in a contest wherein the temperance and other issues were clearly defined and thoroughly understood. Such a result must have been impossible, if, as alleged, prohibition is a farce and a failure, or injurious to the material interests of the state; for no people on earth are more intelligent or keenly sensitive to influences affecting vitally either their moral or material welfare.

The cry that prohibition does not prohibit, that more liquor is sold than before the adoption of the amendment, is a silly invention of the dealers and manufacturers outside of Kansas. The falseness of this assertion is apparent, for who does not know that their opposition to prohibition would instantly subside if they really believed what they say about it?

One may now travel over the entire state, an empire in extent,

WITHOUT SEEING AN OLD-TIME SALOON,

with its sign, its painted windows, its forbidding screens, its complement of empty barrels outside the door on the sidewalk, held down by as many loafers, painfully suggestive of aching hearts, neglected homes, misery and want, inseparable from the saloon establishment, which, as has been truly said, "has digged more graves and wrecked more human hopes and happy homes, than pestilence since the frogs were sent into Egypt, or war since Joshua sounded the trumpet for battle before the walls of Jericho."

True, there are places in many towns where some liquors are clandestinely sold in violation of the law, so called "joints," in remote, out-of-the-way cellars, back rooms and garrets, where pirates for a brief time carry on a precarious traffic at the risk of being raided and lodged in jail at any moment. But the open saloon is outlawed—the business is made offensively disreputable. If the law is occasionally violated so is the law against larceny and manslaughter, and other like offenses.

Touching the question,

TO WHAT EXTENT HAS THE CONSUMPTION OF

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS BEEN DIMINISHED

by prohibition? it is difficult to procure exact information. There is no source from which authentic data may be obtained on the subject. It is a matter largely of observation and opinion, fairly expressed, doubtless, by ex-Attorney General Bradford, in his last official report, wherein he states that there is not to exceed ten per cent as much liquor sold in the state as was sold in 1880. Other officials in position to judge intelligently put it as low as five per cent.

For instance, here in Topeka, the capital of the state, a prosperous city of 50,000, in 1880 sixty or more saloons flourished. To-day there is not a saloon in the city. The docket of the District court for this city and county, at the last January term, did not contain a single criminal case. This happy change for Topeka is more striking in the smaller cities, and yet more in the country. With the saloons closed, the diminution of crime and pauperism naturally follows. Court dockets and prison records, from the lowest to the highest, attest this result. The reports of the warden of the penitentiary furnish incontestable proof of this fact, not more significant than gratifying, that the number of prisoners confined therein, compared with our population, has gradually decreased during the past eight years, and an actual decrease in number during the last two years.

January 1, 1870, the number of convicts in the penitentiary of this state was 218, or one to every 1,671 inhabitants.

January 1, 1875, the number of convicts was 435, or one to every 1,214 inhabitants.

In 1880, the number was 633, or one to every 1,573 inhabitants.

In 1885, the number was 673, or one to every 1,885.

On January 1, 1889, the number was 861, or one to every 1,921 inhabitants.

On January 1, 1887, there were 895 state prisoners in the penitentiary against 898 January 1, 1888, and 861 January 1, 1889.

There are about 60,000 convicted felons in the prisons of the United States, or about one to each thousand population. Kansas has about one to every 2,000 population.

A favorite declaration or prediction with the opponents of prohibition has been that it

WOULD INJURIOUSLY AFFECT

the material interests of the commonwealth, check immigration, paralyze business, depopulate our cities, give us grass grown streets and tenantless buildings. Decay and retrogression were to supplant our erstwhile splendid prosperity. The dry rot would consume us, and desolation sit enthroned upon the ruins of our former thrift and happiness with the advent of prohibition, according to the dolorous forebodings of these prophets of evil.

But you call for facts.

HERE ARE A FEW,

illustrating to what degree these prophecies have been fulfilled:

The population of Kansas, in 1870, was 364,399; in 1880, 996,096—an increase, in ten years, of 631,697, or an average yearly increase of 63,169.

The population of Kansas in 1888, eight years after the adoption of prohibition, was 1,518,552—an increase, in eight years, of 522,556, or an average yearly increase of 65,319.

The first assessment made in this state, after its admission, showed a total property valuation of $24,737,459.09.

In 1880, nineteen years thereafter, the year prohibition was adopted, the total valuation of all property was $160,570,761.43—an increase, in nineteen years, of $135,833,302.34, or an average yearly increase of $7,149,172.20.

In 1888, when the last assessment was made, the total valuation of all property in Kansas was $353,237,323.29—an increase, in eight years, of $192,666,561.86, or an average yearly increase of $24,083,320.23.

The assessed valuation of property in this state, it must be remembered, is on the basis of about

ONE-THIRD OF ACTUAL CASH VALUES.

The rate of taxation for state purposes has remained practically the same for many years, notwithstanding the vast expenditures in the erection of a beautiful capitol, and other public buildings for the care of the defective, dependent and vicious classes, permanent improvements to last for ages, and paid for by direct taxation from year to year.

In 1880 there were three cities in the state with a population exceeding 15,000 each. At this time there are six cities, varying in population from 16,000 to 50,000.

In 1880 there were but 55 towns and cities exceeding in population one thousand. At this time there are one hundred and seven cities and towns with a population of over one thousand each.

In 1880 there were 860 church buildings in the state, costing in the aggregate, $2,491,660. At this time there are 1,966 church edifices, costing in the aggregate $6,435,699.

In 1880 we had in this state 5,315 public school buildings, the expenditures for school purposes that year being $1,818,336. There are, at this time, 8,775 school buildings, the expenditures for school purposes the past year being $3,703,847.84.

In 1880 we had only 3,104 miles of railway in the state, while the last report of the railroad commissioners shows that there are now in operation 8,779 miles of railway.

In 1880 there were published in this state, all told, 347 newspapers, while at this time there are 827.

I have not time to add much by way of comment or suggestion. In Kansas,

PROHIBITION HAS COME TO STAY.

It is safe to say that a proposition to restore the saloon in the state would be voted down by 100,000 at least. It will never be done. The movement is spreading to other states in the form of constitutional prohibition, as we have it, or local option in Missouri and the South, which is practically prohibition by municipalities. Fortunately, the success of this movement in Missouri and some of the states south, has done much to lift the cause of temperance reform, whatever form it may chance to assume, out of the realm of purely partisan politics, and to exalt and dignify it as a great broad question of humanity and morals, appealing to all good people, regardless of party lines of affiliation.

I am sure my predecessor, Governor Martin, in his last message spoke

WITH FIDELITY TO TRUTH,

without the slightest extravagance, when he said of the state he has loved and served so devotedly: "I affirm, with earnestness and emphasis, that Kansas is, today, the most temperate, orderly, sober community of people in the civilized world."

A state extending from the Indian Territory 200 miles to Nebraska on the north, from the Missouri river 400 miles west, to within sight of the very foothills of the mountains of Colorado, with a million and three quarters of thrifty, intelligent, progressive people—yet one may travel for days over her 9,000 miles of railroad, touching every organized county within the vast domain, admiring, as he must, the delightful alternation of beautiful landscape, rolling prairie, fertile valleys, wooded streams, happy hamlets, cheerful villages and bustling cities, noting, if he will, the ten thousand free school houses in whose support four millions are annually expended, not forgetting her churches and public libraries, newspapers and eleemosynary institutions generously sustained, charmed with the intelligence and enterprise of her people, fascinated by the present development and the boundless possibilities of her material resources of field and forest and mine; but he will marvel most as he contemplates the fact that he has not seen an open saloon within her borders. Thanks to prohibition.

Yours, very respectfully,
LYMAN U. HUMPHREY,
Governor of Kansas.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

HIS VIEWS ON PROHIBITION.

His Lecture in Toledo on April 10 on "Big Blunders"—A Synopsis of the Points He Made.

From Toledo DAILY BLADE, April 11.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., is the most widely-known pulpit orator of America to-day, and possibly of the Christian world. His deep earnestness of purpose, his untiring energy, his remarkable talent, are the three factors which have lifted him to this high plane. He preaches every Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle to the largest audiences that gather regularly to

hear any pulpit orator in the world. His life is one of the busiest it is possible to conceive. Besides his regular work as pastor in Brooklyn, involving much reading and study in the preparation of his sermons, he is in the lecture field every winter, and is also engaged in authorship. His last book, just issued from the press, sold to the number of 250,000 copies before it was printed.

Dr. Talmage's personality is striking. Tall and angular in form, quick and nervous in his movements, with strongly-marked features, he is a figure that would command attention anywhere. Socially he is one of the most genial and unceremonious of men, a fluent conversationalist, with a cheery, sunny disposition that makes him the friend of every one he may meet.

A representative of this paper had an opportunity last evening of talking with the Doctor, after his lecture. He was much interested in THE BLADE'S attitude on Prohibition, which he unhesitatingly endorsed. Said he:

"The friends of prohibition are an unit as to the results to be attained. They want prohibition. Nobody among them dissents from that. But there is no unanimity of sentiment as to the best means of reaching it. Some think the third party—separate political action—is the only way. Others want it treated as a moral question, to be kept out of politics. It is lamentable that there is not the same unanimity of sentiment as to the ways and means as there is on the main proposition.

"Dr. Funk, of New York, who is, as you know, one of the foremost leaders of the third party, is a personal friend, and we have often discussed the subject. Not long ago I said to him: 'You may go on with your effort to build up a separate political party. You may eventually succeed—but it is going to take too long! All the time men are failing into the habit of drink. What is needed is a line of work that will be specially effective. You are trying to do by politics what must be done by moral suasion.'"

"What is the method you prefer?" asked the reporter.

"The friends of prohibition hold the balance of power in many states. If they will all work together, they could give political victory to either the Republican or the Democratic party. Let them stand together and dictate their own terms. They can compel one party or the other, in almost any state, to take the initial steps in favor of prohibition."

"Is it possible to secure this unity of action?"

"It is certainly easier than to make men drop their present political convictions entirely, and join a new party. The unwillingness to do this is the great obstacle in the way of the third party, and while we are divided in our counsels, liquor is being sold, men are ruining themselves and going to their death, dragging their families down to poverty and degradation."

"And increasing the strength of the liquor sentiment?"

"Exactly. While we are doing nothing, the enemy is growing, and a public sentiment is being built up that will eventually prevent us from doing anything. That is what I said to Moody—the evangelist, you know—with whom I breakfasted this morning."

Dr. Talmage went from here to Pittsburg, and will be back in Brooklyn on Friday morning, ready to occupy his Tabernacle pulpit next Sunday. "I will find a great pile of letters waiting for me, too," he remarked. "Your Weekly BLADE has a large constituency of people who are interested in the live questions of the day, especially this of prohibition, and those of a theological nature. I get a great many letters which quote THE BLADE as saying certain things, and asking my opinion or advice."

BIG BLUNDERS.

An Enthusiastic Audience Greets Dr. Talmage and Enjoys the Bright and Sparkling Lecture Throughout.

From Toledo DAILY BLADE, April 11.

The audience that welcomed Dr. Talmage last night filled every part of the Wheeler Opera-house. It was an audience of thinking people anxious to hear the foremost pulpit orator in America, and ready to accord him the enthusiastic applause which his bright, piquant, and elevating lectures deserves.

The perfumes of luxuriant plants tastefully arranged on the stage, pervaded the audience, and when the distinguished lecturer appeared, he was welcomed with more warmth than a Toledo assemblage usually expresses.

The Rev. Dr. Williams, in a few brief words, introduced Dr. Talmage to the audience.

After the applause with which the speaker of the evening was greeted had subsided, he said:

"If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to tell the place where we are going to, we still have the interesting fact left that we are here. I may as well say right here that I am an optimist. The world began with a God and the world will end with a God. The world is every day reaching higher planes. This is the best decade that ever was. This year, 1889, is the best of all the years. This very month is the best month of all the months. And this is the best night that has yet come.

Ideas Change.

"My ideas of a lecture are different from what they were some years ago. I used to think that a lecture to be acceptable must be profound. But I have found out that there were two things in the way. The one was that the people who listened to me didn't know what I was talking about, and the other was that I didn't know myself. Now I believe a lecture must be genial, full of good cheer. If I can place my shoulder under your burden and make it a little lighter, it is better than standing gravely by and telling you what a heavy load you have to carry.

"My ideas of religion are different from those held by many people. My religion is sunshine. When a man comes to me with a long-drawn face, preaching his religion, he doesn't impress me a bit. The most sanctimonious person whom I ever met was a minister who borrowed $25 of me, and then through mere delicacy, never referred to the subject again.

What Life Is.

"Life is an old-fashioned pilgrimage. In an experience meeting of the old kind a man got up and said 'I am on the old ship Zion and sailing towards the kingdom at the rate of seventeen miles an hour.' Another followed and said: 'I too am on the old ship Zion, but I am going at the rate of forty knots an hour.' Another said: 'I am on board the steamship Zion and we've got engines of 400 horse power.' An old lady said: I have been goin' towards the heavenly city for nigh onto fifteen years and I'm goin' a foot, and some of you people who are goin' so fast by steam, if you ain't careful your biliers will bust.'"

After another story to get the people in good humor and to get thoroughly into their sympathies, the orator began his lecture, Big Blunders.

The Blunders.

"The first blunder is multiplicity of occupations. The general rule is that a man can do only one thing well. There are two things to do; first, find your sphere, then stick to it. Fortunes have been made out of combs, tooth brushes, rubber boots, tooth-picks, wigs, hose and hoes, birds, beans, tacks and pigs feet. Stick-to-itiveness is the secret of many a plodding man's success.

"Farmer Plodon resolved to enlarge his huckster patch, and got beyond his capacity; Lawyer Blackstone Largepractice dabbled in politics; and Dr. Bonesetter went into the ministry. These three met one day and sang a dismal tune, the chorus of which was Jack-of-all-trades-and-master-of-none.

"Young man, concentrate your energies on one object and go in to win. Every man gets a call from God to do some one particular thing. Get your call straight from the throne of God, and remember that not another person among the fourteen hundred millions of people in the world can perform your work; then start out, gather all your opportunities, in companies, regiments and brigades, and then ride along the line and give the command, 'forward march.'

"Center all your energies in one direction and don't be afraid to be called a man of one idea. And lay down as an axiom that it is always safe to do right and never safe to do wrong.

Be Good Natured.

"Blunder the second.—'Indulgence in bad humor.' There is no place in the world where a person has less reason to be in bad humor as in this country. I have 850,000 new reasons for my statement; 850,000 people came from other countries to ours in the last year. If the countries of Europe had been better than ours, 850,000 Americans would have gone to Europe."

Referring to a continental republic, he said: "This whole country is to be under one government. There will come a time when the United States will offer hand and heart to Canada. Canada will blush, look down, and, thinking of her allegiance across the sea, will say, 'Ask mother.'

"A man is utterly inexcusable if he falls into bad humor in a land of sunshine such as this. The whole earth is full of music if our ears are only acute enough to catch it. Why, a man who can sing and won't sing ought to be sent to Sing Sing.

"Blunder the next.—'Excessive amusements.' I do not say anything against amusements. People of your temperament and mine could not live without amusement. Get out the checker board after supper; let the boys play ball; hitch up the trotter and hunt up the fishing tackle and shotgun. Recreation is recreation. I do not believe we are placed here to be humdrum, prosy inhabitants of a poetic world. In a world where God leaves his lambs frisk, his brooks sparkle, and his flowers make love to each other, He has placed man to laugh, sing and be happy. But too much devotion to amusements is ruinous.

Harmless Amusements.

"I offer as principal: Those amusements are harmless which do not interfere with home duties."

Here the speaker gave a beautiful picture of home, and recalled to many a one in the large audience the period of their innocence, freedom from care and happy home life.

"The greatest blunder of these is, 'the formation of the wrong kind of domestic relations.' Here let me tread lightly for it is dangerous ground. If a man is unfortunate in his domestic relations all I can say to him is, keep your courage up and whistle most of the time. Wives who are like the unfortunate will do well to take the text of the old lady who said she had to follow that beautiful passage of scripture found in the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Nicodemus—'Grin and bear it.'

"It is hardly possible for a business man to be thriftless if he has a wife who sympathizes with him; who uses every means in her power to uphold his hands in trouble, and who meets him at the door with a bright smile and an encouraging word. When a man marries, he marries for heaven or hell; it is more so when a woman marries. Solomon said that a good wife was from the Lord, and left it for us to infer where the opposite was from. Let me say right here that there never was a time when there was so many good, noble women in the world as there are now.

"I can estimate the character of a man by his respect and opinion of women. If a man honors and loves woman, he is never bad. It tells on his actions and life, and makes him more a man. But if his estimate of women in general is poor, watch him, he is a bad man.

"What a scene was that of a young couple seated at the opposite ends of the tea table. Something the husband said did not suit the wife, and she lifts a teacup and throws it at her recreant husband. It just grazes his cheek, passes him and breaks into atoms a motto hanging on the wall, which read, 'God bless our happy home.'

"An affected parzon once said, I married first a rich wife, then a handsome wife, and my last is of very high temper. I have, brethren, experienced in these brief years the world, the flesh and devil.'"

A Perfect Woman.

The speaker said his ideal of a perfect woman was one who could go into the kitchen as well as shine in the parlor. Referring to the care of the old father and mother he said, "When a man takes good care of his old father and mother I have always noticed that he prospered. The Lord is on his side." He then paid a beautiful tribute to the mother and with a tender picture of man's guardian angel and delicate dramatic effect brought tears to the eyes of the audience.

"The last blunder I will mention is 'Beginning life without enthusiasm and enterprise.' First start right. Get your call from God direct, fill up with energy and start now—the best time to start that has ever been.

"Mesmerism in the old times put a man to sleep in temples. Mesmerism is being practiced every Sunday at the present time." The speaker believed in the science of phrenology, and thought it possible to develop a man's head into the right kind of bumps.

A SPRING HAT.

A Dainty Little Morsel That Will Appear After Lent.

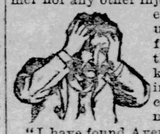
Of course the ladies are not thinking of hats now-a-days! Their minds are dwelling on Lent and all that the word implies. Nevertheless THE BLADE ventures to show a little duck of a hat that may be studied by its readers after Lent is over. The brim of the hat is covered with plain black velvet and the crown arranged in puffs. Black corded silk lining. Trimming of black feather arrows, and jet.

—Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

A red beard ten feet in length is said to grace the physiognomy of Louis Goulan, forge-master in Allier, France.

Happiness For Everyone,

DEPENDS greatly on the maintenance of a healthful condition of the liver, stomach, and bowels. When these are out of order, life is a burden. It is well to know, therefore, that, in all derangements of these organs, Ayer's Pills are an unfailing remedy—prompt, safe, and effective.



"After suffering eight years from chills and fever, with only occasional intervals of rest of a few days at a time, I was cured by Ayer's Pills alone. My case had resisted continuous treatment with the usual doctors' prescriptions and a great number of proprietary medicines; but under the influence of Ayer's Pills the chills and fever ceased, my liver and stomach were restored to healthy action, and my usual good health returned. Without exaggeration, I will say that Ayer's Pills cannot be excelled as a remedy for a disordered system caused by malarial poisons."—S. L. Barrow, Gordon, Texas.

"I was prostrated with a severe bilious complaint. After vainly trying a number of remedies, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Pills. I had taken less than two boxes when completely cured, and have had no recurrence of the malady."—E. Southworth, Bath, Me.

"Words fail to express the misery I suffered from dyspepsia, until I began to take

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

thartic Pills, which restored me to health."—D. L. Benson, Tamaroa, Ill.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For Everyone,

Old and young, Ayer's Pills are the best aperient. Containing neither calomel nor any other injurious drug, no ill effects follow their use. As a standard family medicine, they are favorably known, and leading physicians everywhere recommend them.

"I have found Ayer's Cathartic Pills to be a better family medicine for common use than any other within my knowledge. They are not only very effective, but safe and pleasant to take—qualities which must make them valued by the public."—Jules Hauel, Perfumer, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable remedies of our times. They have been in use in my family for various affections requiring a purgative medicine, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. R. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.

"I was a great sufferer from constipation, headache, and general debility. My skin was yellow, and I had constant pain in my side and back. Other remedies failing, I took three boxes of Ayer's Ca-

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

and am cured."—Herbert Elwell, East Saginaw, Mich.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

IF YOU DO YOUR OWN HOUSEWORK, you know how hard it is to Wring Clothes! What Back-breakers Wringers are! And how they Wear Out the Clothes!

Empire Wringer

Is Used. CONSTRUCTED ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, it turns with half the power required by other machines. The crank is not attached to either roll and saves the clothes and wrings them dry. It is always in gear—all other wringers are out of gear when heavy clothes are between the rolls. It needs no oil and does not soil the clothes. The crank roll of your wringer wears out quick and has to be replaced—not so with the EMPIRE. It Never Rusts! It is Perfection! AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

EMPIRE WRINGER CO., Auburn, N. Y.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER III.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

BY LIEUT. S. H. M. BYERS.

[Written in prison in Columbia, South Carolina.]

Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains
That frown'd on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe;
When a rider came out from the darkness,
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."
[*Repeat last two lines.*]

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman,
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the Ingles re-echoed the welcome
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea!

Then forward, boys, forward to battle
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resacca—
God bless those who fell on that day!
Then Kennesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea!

Still onward we pressed, till our banner
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree;
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea!

Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said, "boys, you are weary;
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars on our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea!

THE VACANT CHAIR.

BY HENRY S. WASHBURN.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
While we breathe our evening pray'r,
When a year ago we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden chord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

CHORUS—We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him,
When we breathe our evening pray'r.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight,
And uphold our country's honor,
In the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep to-day, O early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed!
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

THE WEDDING OF A DUKE.

Some of the Things That Were Seen at a Two Hour Marriage Ceremony.

I promised to tell you a little about the Duke of Newcastle's wedding. Fancy its taking two whole hours to get married! The ceremony, however, on this occasion occupied exactly that time, and the bride naturally enough, looked tired and nervous at the end of it. The early hour, too, made every one feel inclined to yawn a little, but it had evidently in no way interfered with the due care in donning magnificent dresses and the delicate adjustment of sweet little bonnets. The best dressed women were very low ones, quite flat at the sides, and showing the hair freely at the back, and, in most instances, the trimming was largely illuminated with diamond clasps and ornaments. An elderly lady had a perfect galaxy of diamonds on one side of her velvet strings.

The strings were fastened in what is called a "made" bow—that is, one that has been sewn together, and is invisibly fastened by means of a hook and eye beneath. The ends of velvet were short and finished in a diagonal line, hemmed up. In the very center of the bow was a large diamond brooch, and from that to the furthermost point of the left velvet end was a continuous glitter of diamonds. The earrings were diamonds as well, each a large cluster. Then above the brim of the bonnes diamond stars were fixed so as to form a slender coronet upon the velvet. In the sable trimming of the mantle a large diamond lace pin was fastened. That will give you some idea of the way in which diamonds may be displayed in the daytime on such occasions as that of great weddings.

The devout crossed themselves as they approached the altar, just as though they had been Catholics, and when the bishop advanced to do his part in uniting the young couple the bride made him a reverence. I am so glad to tell you that her bouquet was of sensible size, being small enough to hold without inconvenience, and those of the bridemaids followed suit. They were of lovely white lilac.—*London Truth.*

Stole a House and Its Owner.

A young man who lives in Garden City, Kan., has a claim in an adjoining county, and pays weekly visits to it. On one of these visits he was awakened by a commotion around the house. The building began to move slowly, and, suspecting what was up, he lay still until the peep o' day, when the movers had proceeded several miles with him and his house. Unlocking the door, he stepped out and bade the marauders good morning. Of course the situation was an embarrassing one to the house-stealers. They offered $100 in cash and to replace the house on its foundation if the owner would agree to make no arrests. This offer was accepted, and the claim-holder went back to town with his $100, thinking it was a pretty profitable night after all.—*Washington Critic.*

Might Possibly be Mistaken.

Customer (returning)—Didn't I give you a five dollar gold piece just now by mistake for a five-cent piece?

Merchant (positively)—No, sir.

Customer (turning to go)—It isn't of any particular consequence. I had a counterfeit five-dollar gold piece that I carried simply as a curiosity. I must have lost it somehow.

Merchant (hastily)—Wait a moment. I'll look again.—*Chicago Tribune.*

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
Over a Million Distributed

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS,
For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes,
Attested as follows:

"*We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.*"

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers sell pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING,
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, May 14, 1889.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

100,000 Tickets at $20 each; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Tenths $2; Twentieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000 is	$ 300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Prizes of	$300 are	$30,000
100 do.	200 are	20,000
100 do.	100 are	10,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.		
999 do.	$100 are	$99,900
999 do.	100 are	99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to		$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

For Club Rates, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number, if known, and delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

IMPORTANT.
Address M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.

By ordinary letter, containing Money Order, Bank Draft, Express Money Order, New York Exchange, Draft or Postal Note. We pay charges on Currency sent to us by Express in sums of $5 or over.

Address Registered Letters containing Currency to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

"REMEMBER, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes."

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a Ticket ISSUED BY US in any Drawing. Anything in our name offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

SEE HERE! Why not save one-half on 100 Useful Articles. Send for Catalogue. Big pay to Agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Matrimonial Paper, 10c. Amusing correspondents secured. Adress "Wedding Bells," Boston, Mass.

Publishers' Column.

A NEW PICTURE.

Washington Entering New York and the Presidents of the United States.

Printed on heavy plate paper, size 22x28, representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolution, just after the embarkation of the British troops for home. It is a spirited engraving, portraying the greatest event of our Revolution next to the Declaration of Independence. The centennial of this event will be celebrated in New York on the 30th of the present month. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

This picture sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pastoboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WOMEN MAY BE GOOD ARCHITECTS.

There is no Reason Why They Should Not Plan Homes.

I WOULD like to be an architect, or a designer of house decorations—something in the direction of building, but I suppose, being a woman, I cannot."

It is sometimes a matter of astonishment to me to see how the limitations which the centuries have imposed upon woman still hold her even in the face of the great changes which have been made in the matter of education and employment. Here is a girl, strong, active, energetic, with tastes in a certain direction, a strong desire to take as an occupation what will utilize those tastes and make her successful, without the least drawing towards the usual avocations by which her sex earn an independence, and yet she fears that she may not follow her inclinations in this matter because custom has decreed otherwise.

Customs change, even those which are ironclad, and this is one which is undergoing a wonderful transformation. New avenues of employment for women are opening every day, and the carping criticisms as to being out of her sphere are rarely heard. Even Paul's commands that she shall be kept in the background have lost much of their binding force except with those who hate to yield up authority, for it is recognized that the world has moved forward, and the highest thought of the people in those times is by no means the highest now.

WHY NOT AN ARCHITECT?

To return, however, to the Architect question. Come and let us reason together awhile. There is not a shadow of reason why you should not be an architect and a house decorator combined. Indeed, there seems to me a peculiar fitness in the idea that the planning of homes should be done by women. They know far better than men what conveniences are needed, the arrangement of closets, and of the means to make the household machinery run smoothly. A very little thing which only a woman familiar with household details would recognize, will sometimes prevent an immense amount of friction.

Of course, to be successful in house planning requires a thorough knowledge of many mechanical laws, of the rules of proportion and symmetry, of the best methods of ventilation, and of all things connected with comfort and safety. Architecture is an art, to be studied like any other, and a degree of proficiency acquired before it can be adopted as a practical means of obtaining a livelihood. Many men make a failure of it, as the abortions in the shape of buildings, both public and private, show, and there is no more reason why a woman should not be successful in this than in many other professions, which she is already prosperously pursuing.

The designing of the house decorations can very well be united to that of planning, and it is in this particular direction, that of making tasteful homes, that I think woman's work of this kind lies. Now as to its possibility as a life-occupation for a woman.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

When I was in Washington three years ago, I chanced one day to go into a new house which was receiving its finishing touches. In one of the rooms, hard at work, not only with her own hands but directing the men, was a slight, dark eyed, dark haired young woman who was introduced to us as Miss Tillinghast, of New York, and she had charge of the decorations of this beautiful home. We passed a pleasant morning with her, going by her invitation to a gathering at a private house to hear the well known Mrs. Russell descant upon grace in the human body, whether in repose or in motion.

Later on I learned something of Miss Tillinghast's history, and inasmuch as she is the most famous woman architect and decorator in this country, I am going to tell you about it here. The family were once wealthy, and the daughters received a good education. This one, Mary, had a taste for painting, and studied awhile under Durant in Paris. Then the father failed, and died, and the mother and daughter, were left penniless. Mary succeeded by her talent, which was marked, in entering into partnership with John Lafarge, one of the finest decorators in New York. While with him she designed some tapestry hangings for the Vanderbilt house, for which she received $30,000. Pretty good evidence of her success, was it not?

WORK IN WASHINGTON.

When somewhat later the firm failed, she began an independent career. She went to Washington and made the celebrated decorations in the D. P. Morgan house, and in that of Mr. Bell, of telephone notoriety. At the time I saw her she was soon to start for Paris again, to study awhile with her old master. Her work since her return, I learn from an article recently written by Eliza Putnam Heaton.

Two years ago she distinguished herself by a design for the Hutch memorial window in Grace church, and it was accepted, in spite of the opposition of the committee to awarding the contract to a woman, and of the declaration of Bishop Potter that an American window should only enter the church over his dead body. This window is said to be the finest work in native stained glass ever yet accomplished.

Perhaps her most important production in architecture thus far is a chapel in Mansville, N. Y., which has been erected by a daughter of William Beach Lawrence to the memory of her husband. It is declared to contain, as leading characteristics, both a largeness and simplicity of style that belong to some of the finest architectural works of the old masters. Miss Tillinghast not only made the plans, but personally superintended it erection.

I think I can do no better than to quote some of her own words in regard to the adaptability of this profession to women. To the question, as to whether they would succeed in architecture, she replied:

"At least in the architecture of the dwelling house, the home. Aren't they telling us forever that woman's province is the home? Why shouldn't she design it with that special knowledge of hers of the necessities and conveniences of the house which so few architects—even good ones—ever approximate? As to office buildings, or large public buildings of any sort, there the special knowledge now, at least, belongs to men. I see no reason why sometimes a woman, who has learned thoroughly the requirements, may not succeed even there."

Then, again, as to women being intrusted with any important job, she said:

"A woman in any business needs courage to overcome prejudice and work her way. In domestic architecture a woman will have, I believe, one special pull. When a pretty house has been built the mistress of the establishment wants to have everything in keeping, and she is falling into a way of asking the architect to go with her when she selects her carpets, her hangings and furniture. Now I find she likes a woman's help on such an errand better than a man's. This will be especially true where the woman architect is a decorator also."

"It is a desirable field for women, partly because woman's kingdom is the house beautiful. There is no more necessary and useful work a woman can set herself to than the improvement of the residence. As to the rest, women make pains-taking and accurate draughtsmen and need every outlet for their labor. In its higher forms architecture is art, and art does not inquire the sex of her devotees."

A woman who desires to become an architect should go to some good school like the Institute of Technology in Boston, then get a place as draughtsman in a skillful architect's office, and work patiently and faithfully until she has mastered details.

Miss Tillinghast gives as a reason for uniting the professions of the architect and decorator the following:

"If the house is designed by a man who has the finish put in without regard to the decoration which is to come after, then the decorator, if the task is an important one requiring ambitious art work, must bear it in mind, and shape the room less well. The best architects realize this, and are beginning to consult decorators, and the best decorators study at least interior architecture, and wish the effect of an apartment in the large, the general design, the woodwork, the plaster and the style of finish left in their hands. Of course one can paint anywhere and on anything, but that is very different from making a satisfactory room."

So much for possibilities. All women may not reach so high a round in the ladder of success, but those who have the will to study and to work, can climb up to independence and comfortable prosperity.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON DECORATIVE ART—CHAMOIS SKIN PORTFOLIA FOR LETTERS, ECT.—Select a piece of chamois skin 20 inches long by 14 inches wide, also have a piece of rose pink satin a little larger than the chamois, one yard rose pink ribbon an inch wide, one yard white crinoline for interlining. Fasten your chamois to painting board, dividing it by a line of thread through the middle of longest part. On one half stamp wreath of daisies and leaves, which is perforated pattern size 748. After stamping take an outline brush dipped in white paint, and go carefully over your outlines. Sable brushes Nos. 2, 3 and 5 will be needed, and a small bottle of rectified turpentine and the following tube oil paints:

Kremnitz white, chrome yellow No. 1, chrome green No. 1. Light Zinnaber green, brown madder. Add first to a quantity of white a few drops of turpentine. The idea is to put the color on as a wash. Paint your entire design with this, then retouch leaves and stems with zinnaber green, working in as a shading a very little chrome. Make the centers of daisies with equal parts of lemon and chrome yellow, and when centers are dry draw a narrow ring of brown madder around each center. A little ivory black is very good to shade in on some petals when retouching with white the second time. Use this very lightly, however.

When the painting is perfectly dry pink the edges all around, and then put in the satin and interlining with a crinoline with blind stitches. An extra width of satin will be needed if you wish pockets on inner part of portfolio.

Questions in regard to this department answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply. I wish to say to those who have sent me postage for catalogues, that I have been very ill for six weeks, and that my printers have also been unavoidably delayed. As soon as they can be got out they will be mailed to those who have ordered them.—E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

EASTER EGG TEA-SETS.—This pretty teaset is very nice for gifts or remembrances at Eastertide. I made a set, and they are much admired by all who see them. I think they are so much nicer than anything you can buy, so I will give the sisters of THE BLADE directions how to make them. The set consists of four pieces: tray, tea-pot, sugar-bowl and cream-jug. They are made out of empty egg shells. Cut out of cardboard bands for tops and bottoms, spouts, handles, lids, etc. It will take two pieces for each handle and spout; gum them in pairs, leaving spaces open at each end to glue on the egg shells. The lids are made with bands gummed around to fit inside the bands in the tea-pot and sugar-bowl, and put a handle to the lids. Now the teaset is ready for decoration. It may be left all white, or the bands, handles, spouts, lids, etc., painted pale blue, with gilt edges, and the egg shell painted with duy blue and white flowers, and a suitable motto in letters, such as "A Happy Easter," or "Easter Greeting," on one side of each piece.—ADDA WRIGHT, Carrollton, Carroll Co., O.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c s st, crossed stitch; sl st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh d c, stitch crochet.

DOUBLE ROSE BUD LACE.—Cast on 26 stitches; knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—m 1—k 1—s 1—n—pass s o—k 1—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 1—s and b—p 1—n—k 1—m 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—s and b—p 1—n—k 1—m 1—k 1—m 2—k 1—m 2—k 1; 2nd row—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—p 3—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 2—k 1—p 3—k 8; 3d row—k 2—m 1—k 1—s 1—n—pass s o—k 1—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 1—s and b—p 1—n—k 1—s and b—p 1—n—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 7; 4th row—cast off 4—k 2—p 4—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 4—k 8, 5th row—k 2—m 1—k 1—s 1—n—pass s o—k 1—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 3—m 1—s 1—n—pass s o—p 1—s 1—n—pass s o—m 1—k 3—m 1—k 1—m 2—k 1—m 2—k 1; 6th row—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—p 6—k 1—p 6—k 8, 7th row—k 2—m 1—k 1—s 1—n—pass s o—k 1—m 1—k 1—m 1—k 5—m 1—s 1—n—pass s o—m 1—k 5—m 1—k 7; 8th row—cast off 4—k 2—p 15—k 8—repeat from 1st row.—MABEL.

EDGE:—Make a chain of the required length. First row—1 t—1 ch—1 t—missing 1 ch—of the foundation. Repeat. You now have a row of treble stiches looking like little posts. 2d row—Beginning on the top of the first post, make 7 ch—1 dc. on the top of the third post, repeat, fastening to every alternate post. 3d row—*4 t—in the middle stitch of each 7ch in the preceding row. 4d row—Always 7 ch fastened by 1 dc between each shell of the preceding row. This edge can be made of any desired width by repeating the third and fourth rows.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ADVICE TO ANXIOUS INQUIRERS.—I would not advise you to try selling your flowers to a florist, as they generally raise their own. One good way is to raise a quantity of pansy, petunia, verbena, etc., plants and sell them when two or three inches high to people who have gardens. When your plants begin to bloom, either write or print a lot of slips something like this: "Anxious Inquirer has flowers to sell for banquet decorations, etc.; prices moderate. Would solicit your patronage. Plants and slips for sale." Get some small boy or girl to leave them at houses. Another way is to have a green grocer or any one dealing in green stuff to sell and take orders for commissions. Geranium are a good selling plant. Most any seed house sells seed for 25 cents per paper and one can count upon about 20 plants to a paper. Plant early in shallow boxes, cover with pieces of glass, and place in a sunny window. When an inch high, transplant, putting a single plant into a little pot or can. If the latter, be sure to punch several holes in the bottom. These seedlings are of a good shape, and will sell readily when from four to eight inches high. If you live near a large city, try fruit or confectionery dealers, as they often sell flowers, especially pot plants. Above all do not get discouraged if you do not succeed at once, and when you get an order, do your best to give satisfaction. If you expect to remain where you are another year, plant carnations, pansies, sweet Williams, and plants which do not bloom until the second year. Then in the spring send paper slips to people who have yards, telling them what plants you have for sale and the price, or call in person. Do not be afraid to offer your flowers or plants for sale. By patience you will succeed. You can also gather your seed, put it into tiny papers and sell that. You can doubtless find sale for your sage at any grocery store, and sale for other herbs at drug stores. If you live in a small town ask your druggist or doctor for the address of some wholesale drug dealer in your nearest large town. I think you will find ready sale for sage, catnip and hoarhound dried, by sending out cards or slips as above. Or you and insert a small notice in some daily paper. If you raise parsely you ought to be able to sell that well at any large hotel. I think to advertise fresh dried catnip and sage, you would sell considerable, as the drug store stuff is abominable. Red clover blossoms dried also come under the head of herbs, and are largely used. Keep at it and after a season or two you will get a reputation and will be able to do well. For selling to drug stores, the following are the best selling: Sage, catnip, hoarhound, tansy, camomile, boneset, peppermint and saffron. MONTANA MAY.

ABOUT FOLDING SCREENS.—I saw an inquiry some weeks ago in THE HOUSEHOLD, asking how to make folding screens. Each week I have looked to see if it were answered; and though many cares crowd in upon this busy Western life of ours, yet I take a few moments to tell the lady how my screens are made. Mine are plain, but one can have them made out of fine material, if they choose, but it may be easier for some to feel that they could have them, too, if they read the description of one, simple and plain.

The expense of the frame is trifling. Mine is of common pine, one-inch by two-inch strips, made into a panel, which is 20 inches wide (2 feet would be better), and 5½ feet high. I had three panels made and these panels are hung to each other by small hinges. Then tack on to them any bright pretty cretonne for one side, and something else you may choose for the other. I stained my frame with black walnut stain and varnish. There are hundreds of homes on these Western plains where one room serves for kitchen, dining room, sitting room and bed room. Only those who have had the experience can know now very difficult it is to keep the house neat and orderly. Yet it is done, as many know—by much work, and a good big bump of order in the head, but the life of the busy wife is shortened before half her anticipations are realized.

In these one-roomed houses these screens work wonders, and I can only wonder why they are so rare. In summer time the cook stove can be placed near a corner of the room, and all the things pertaining thereto hung on the wall, and with this screen standing as partition, it hides all this from the other part of the room, besides keeping the heat out the heat will rise, and with windows open at the top, it will escape. That gives a cool place to eat, and a cool place to sit after the work is done. Have two screens made, and more if you want them, for while a neatly made bed is always attractive, there are many times one wishes they could only put away in a room by themselves and lie down and rest. A screen placed near the bed, serves as an excellent partition, and in case of sickness they are invaluable.

Maderia vines make a lovely shade for the windows—they grow from bulbs which are ten cents a piece, but once get a start with them and you can keep it—spade the ground, make it rich and mellow beneath the windows or by the porch, string twine firmly for the vines to run on and you will be delighted when the scorching sun shines so hot as the sun on the prairies does where no trees are yet large enough to shade the house. These vines on the outside of the windows, and the folding screens in the room, and some books, will give to the plainest home an air of comfort and refinement. If possible plant near your door and windows plenty of four o'clocks, and in the yard sow petunias and verbenas, and you will be well repaid for your trouble. The more attractive we make our humble homes, the more beautiful will be our thoughts.—KANSAS FARMER'S WIFE.

MORE ABOUT DRESSING THE BABY.—(Continued from last week.)—Next, get a true quality of silk flannel, of which make three high-necked, long-sleeved waists. The waists should be nine inches long from the shoulder seams. One and one-half yards will be required for these. Scallop the neck and wrists, and turn seams onto the right side, as baby's tender skin must not be chafed. To these silk waists sew flannel skirts, which take the place of pinning blankets, and have the fullness in front, to give baby plenty of room to kick. These skirts can be simply scalloped around the bottom—button-hole stitch—and of same grade of flannel as if made into pinning blankets. Make these 29 inches from the neck to bottom of skirt, and two breadths wide. For the outer skirts use as handsome flannel as you please, and sew to a low-necked flannel waist. Scallop this waist around the armholes and neck. This skirt has the fullness in front, also. Lay the first pleat half way between the middle of the back and front. Make an inch longer than the under-skirt. Three under and three outer skirts is a very good number. Use no white skirts as they add weight and little warmth. Have the little dresses as pretty as you wish, but don't load them with embroidery. Babies' clothes should be light and warm. Make the dresses 30 inches long from the neck to the bottom. The Mother Hubbards are more satisfactory than anything else for long clothes, I think. Now for the best part of this style of dress. Put the outer-skirt over the under and the dress on, then put the whole thing over baby at once, saving all turning and twisting unavoidable under the old style. I have some baby now, and when if an accident happens, baby must be undressed to get a clean shirt on." Well, don't have accidents or rather guard against them by making pads eighteen or twenty inches square, of cheese cloth with four or five thicknesses of cotton batting quilted in, and always keep one between the under flannel shirt and napkin. About six pads will answer and prevent any accident to the shirts. I now give anyone who gives the subject thought and tries this way of dressing babies will agree with me that it is the common sense style, for the weight of the clothing hangs on the shoulders. Knit long-legged stockings and pin them to the napkin, saving baby many an attack of colic by keeping feet and legs warm.

If the editor is not too exhausted for any effort beyond dropping this into the waste basket, and any of THE HOUSEHOLD readers wish for more information, I will cheerfully furnish any in my power.—THE BABIES' FRIEND.

INQUIRIES.

I wish to make a pillow for my baby carriage. Will some one who has made them please give me directions for a pretty one? Must the pillow proper be the same size as the slip, or smaller, and how much smaller if so? Also, will the Editor please say where the following "saying" can be found. I say it is not a Bible quotation, yet my friends contend that it is: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."—FANNY.

The quotation is not a Bible saying, but will be found in one of John Wesley's sermons "On Dress."—ED.

Will "Montana May" please send me in THE BLADE her description of popcorn and chocolate sociable?—ENQUIRER.

Will some one please give a recipe for making lemon extract?—SUBSCRIBER OF BLADE.

Will Mollie send directions for the spider web tidy she spoke of in the HOUSEHOLD department?—L. D. H.

Will any of the HOUSEHOLD send me flowering bulbs of any kind? Will any one tell how to get rid of water lice in cisterns?—MRS. E. STEWART, Lebanon, Iowa.

Will some one please send pattern for working any kind of animals on rugs.—A TRUE REPUBLICAN.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD inform me what kind of treatment to give a night blooming cereus—the best kind of soil, how often they need repotting and the amount of water they require? Also the treatment of the wax plant. What has become of Francis B——who used to give us so many good hints on the treatment of flowers?

What can I color cotton rags for a carpet with that won't fade—pink, green, &c.—DM

I have your book entitled "Health and Beauty" and find many valuable hints therein could I only find time to practice them.

I had your recipe to prevent wrinkles filled out and have used it for a month or more according to directions without any apparent benefit. Will you please tell me how long a time is necessary for the application to have an appreciable effect?

Can anyone tell me what will eradicate freckles? Also how one may clean hammered brass? I have a picture badly tarnished.

It is impossible to tell how long it takes for different persons to be affected. The only way to do is to persevere.—ED.

THE "GIRL" who wrote about music would do a great favor if she would write again, and tell the readers of THE BLADE how one is to know if she has talent or not. She says "if one has ability or talent for music let her cultivate it." Now I for one do not know whether I have ability or talent or not. But I do know it has been the dearest dream of my life and is still, but as Miss Bouton quotes in the same paper "The good gift when it comes, comes a moment too late," that is the opportunity to learn, in which there is a piano but no teacher accessable. However, as I know something of music and had an excellent teacher for a short time, I have been practicing, I dare not tell how many hours daily for the past six months. Wish "Girl" could tell me some course to pursue that I might learn, I should be so thankful. If it is not to much to ask, will she kindly send her address to THE BLADE?—ANXIOUS.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

If Mrs. L., Rockville, Ill., will place her kid gloves on her hands (one at a time, of course), and with a soft cotton or linen cloth well saturated in gasoline, rub them until clean, and remove when dry, she will never use anything else for cleaning her kid gloves, and need never wear soiled ones. Gasoline is most excellent for cleaning woolen or silk goods, couches, carpets, etc., also for removing fresh paint from wood. Great care must be taken to use it in a room where there is no fire, if a considerable quantity is used, as it is very inflammable. The article, when cleaned, should be exposed to the fresh air until evaporation is complete.

Silverware is easily polished by rubbing with a paste made of coal oil and whiting, then washing in hot soap suds, and scalding with cleap water, and drying with a clean, soft cloth of cotton or linen. Last summer I read an article in the HOUSEHOLD, by MRS. Nellie Ammerman, West Lebanon, Ill. I was deeply interested in her, and desire to hear from her again through THE BLADE.—AUNT SUE.

I am a little girl 13 years old; would you please publish, or tell me where I can get Miss Louise M. Alcott's first poem, that she wrote when she was 8 years old? It was addressed to a robin. It began:

"Welcome, welcome little stranger,
Fear no harm and fear no danger."

This was as much as was published in THE BLADE of February 28.—ALICE WHITSILL, Brookfield, Mo.

All there is of it is this:

"Welcome, welcome little stranger,
Fear no harm and fear no danger;
We are glad to see you here.
For you sing sweet spring is near.
Now the sun is nearly gone,
Now the grass is coming on—
The trees are green, the sky is blue,
And we are glad to welcome you."

—ED.

If "N. B. S." will write me, enclosing postage and a piece of gingham, I will work the border alluded to in one of my letters, and send. It would be too hard to understand were I too try to explain through THE BLADE.—MAY R. JOHNSON, Lovett, Jennings Co., Ind.

Some time since a lady wanted to know how to fix trunks to look comfortable when they are in a living room. As it has never been answered, I will tell her how a friend, who lived upon a ranch, converted hers into tables. Get a carpenter (or your husband) to join together boards to form a table top, a little larger than the size of your trunk. It does not matter what kind as it is to be covered. Next, add legs to it, and strips to brace, at the bottom, at the ends and front. Castors can be added, if desired, and the table can be of any height. Have the frame so it will shove over the trunk; the back being open to admit of it. Now cover the top and sides with cretonne, paint, or other material. When you wish to get to the trunk, draw the table forward. My friend had two, one was covered on top with white oil cloth, and flounced with turkey red and stood under two shelves of the same length, which held fancy dishes and silverware, and did duty as a sort of sideboard. The other one was made different. It was a shelf some longer than the trunk. It was nailed to the wall and had legs at the two front corners. This was covered as before, only blue was used instead of red. It did duty as a dressing table in her bed room. The advantage of the former way is that it can be moved when desired, while the other is stationery. A low, square topped trunk makes a nice seat, if the top is stuffed and the whole covered. MONTANA MAY.

E. S., If you get any good works upon elocution, and follow directions, you can improve. So far as learning is concerned, you should have a dictionary by your side, and every word that you are in the least doubt about, look it up. Practice makes perfect. Read aloud every day; articulate distinctly always, and try to bring out the meaning exactly as if you were talking.—ED.

CONUNDRUM SUPPER.

An exceedingly unique form of entertainment is this, and one provoking a great deal of mirth. The guessing begins almost as soon as the guest enters the house. The decorations may be such as are usually employed, though if the hostess can find anything odd, any pretty and quaint conceit which will challenge the wits, so much the better.

The first guess is as to the hostess. Choosing two or three companions as near her own height and size as possible, they cover their pretty dresses and faces by such veiling and wrapping as will conceal their identity. Of course whoever enters is to guess to whom he should first address his salutations. His success or failure is marked down by one chosen for the purpose.

When the guests have all arrived the hostess and friends throw off their masks, and the time is passed in conversation until supper is announced. Cards are placed at each plate bearing the name, and a conundrum with its answer, which the guest shows until called upon to read it for guessing. Sometimes one of the courses is made up of dishes, which are as mysterious as the proverbial "hash."

While changing the courses a guest reads the conundrum on his card and the rest guess, the successful one receiving the count. The conundrums must thus given are produced when supper is over, the one who makes the greatest number of correct guesses wins the prize. Prizes may, however, be omitted, without any violation of good taste.

MENU.

Oyster patties. Olives.
Salted almonds.
Pickles.
Chicken croquettes. French peas.
Creamed potatoes.
Rolls.
Shrimp salad. Wafers.
Cheese sticks.
Cake. Ice cream. Preserved cherries.

RECIPES.

CREAMED POTATOES.—Put into a sauce pan 1 cupful of cream or rich milk; 3 tablespoonfuls of butter; 2 teaspoonfuls of flour. Stir until it boils. Chop cold boiled potatoes and put into the mixture. Boil up once before serving.

GEMS.—1 cupful of buttermilk; 2 tablespoonfuls of butter; a little salt; 1½ teaspoonsful of soda; 1 egg.

MUFFINS.—One pint of sweet milk; a little salt; 3 tablespoonsful of yeast; butter size of a butternut; make a batter over night like bread; sponge in morning; add ½ teaspoonful of soda; 2 well beaten eggs.—ANNIE B. HAWKS, Freemansburg, N. Y.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—To the lady who wishes to know how to put up cucumber pickles to keep them from getting soft: I first put a layer of salt, then a layer of cucumbers, and so on, a layer of each until the vessel is full. Between the layers I put a little alum broken up. A teaspoonful is enough. When the vessel is full weight it down and it will make its own brine.

TO MAKE SOAP.—If "Mrs. Glenn" will take a box of concentrated lye and break off one end of it and put 4 lbs. of grease in a kettle with 3 gals. of water, and throw the box in and let boil till all is dissolved, and then fill up with 4 gals. of water, and boil it a half hour or till it jells. When cold she will have soft soap. She can put a teacupful of salt in it and boil a few minutes longer, and she will have hard soap to cut out and dry. Please report success.—NICKERNEL DAWSON, Pa.

HANDS TO BEAUTIFY.—Rub together in a mortar 4 parts by weight of yolk of egg with 5 parts of glycerine. No better ointment for the hands can be procured. The compound may preserved for years.

DANDRUFF.—Take a thimbleful of powdered refined borax, let it dissolve in a teacupful of water, first brush the head well, then wet a brush and apply it to the head. Do this every day for a week and twice a week for a few times, and you will effectually remove the dandruff.—MRS. G. D. M.

TO TAKE OUT GREASE SPOTS.—Some years since, while traveling between St. Paul and St. Louis, I had the misfortune to get a spot of grease as big as a teaplate upon my blue flannel traveling suit. I was unconscious of it until the Pullman car conductor came along with a bottle and sponge and informed me of the spot. I repaired to the toilet room and was astonished to find how effectually the mixture took out the grease. I asked him what it was, and he gave me the directions for making it. Five ounces of white shaving soap, half an ounce of saltpeter, four ounces of aqua ammonia, and two quarts of water. The soap was cut fine and melted in the water, the other things being added. Bottle, when wanted for use, if in cold weather, set the bottle into hot water. Take a cup of water and a small sponge, wet the latter in the water and pour on half a teaspoonful of the mixture, rub this direct upon the soiled spot and afterwards rince with a sponge and clean water. He also said it was good to clean brass buttons and gilt braid. I never tried it upon these, but it is good to clean brass lamps, plaques, etc. One need make only a half or fourth of the quantity.—MONTANA MAY.

A PRACTICAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER.—Take 20 lbs. of common salt and 10 lbs. of sal ammoniac (muriate of ammonia to be had at any druggists) and dissolve in 7 gals. of water. When dissolved it can be bottled and kept in each room of the house, to be used in an emergency. In case of fire occurring one or two bottles should be immediately thrown with force into the burning place so as to break them and the fire will certainly be extinguished. Many houses in cities are supplied with them.—PRACTICAL.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ADOITE, IND.	Blanche Stevens
Summer C Bowman	Irene Lash
GIFFORD, N. Y.	Cora Lash
Evan R Cullings	Ethel Lash
GREENLEAF, KAN.	Edith Sauer
Iny Wheeler	Emma Sauer
Harry Wheeler	Daisy Boone
Walter Smith	Georgie Anderson
Lucy Smith	Katie Johnson
PENFIELD, O.	Josie Anderson
Lucy Bost	Arthur T Bushong
AUBURN, IND.	Ivan C Bushong
Lulu May Shoemaker	Minnie Ellis
George Shoemaker	Clyde Ellis
Clarence Shoemaker	MAURICETOWN, N. J.
Dottie Gibson	Emma T Howell
Arthur Gibson	Edith Cobb
Cleo Gibson	Mary Haley
George Gibson	Edith Corson
Dalles Gibson	Annie Hinson
Philip Gibson	Hattie Fisher
Harry Gibson	Elomi Margerum
Hazel Gibson	Lizzie Collins
Curtie Case	Alice Haley
Anna Sherlock	Lucy Haley
Callie Sopher	Rena Fisher
Laura Clum	May Reed
Maude Clum	Sallie Fisher
Wallace Clum	Alma Wilson
Lulu Stonebraker	Merrill Compton
Iva Richard	George Compton
AUSTIN, MINN.	Charles Reed
Mary Eldridge	Howard Bailey
Ella Kittredge	Isaac Collins
Orll Carter	Mattie Mayhew
Nora Chandler	Hannah Corson
Cora Evans	Alice Sharp
Dutton Watkins	Maggie Jones
Harvey Watkins	Ben Haley
Artie Paddleford	Walter Mayhew
Edna Dinsmoor	Edgar Mayhew
Herbert Dinsmoor	Howard Wills
Edith Dinsmoor	Rebecca Sharp
Ruth Dinsmoor	Lona Studoms
POND DU LAC, WIS.	Rebecca Corson
Maude Tripp	Carrie Haley
Florence Tripp	Edith Ware
Bessie Snell	Mary Moore
Matilda Kuehl	Roselle Vanamon
Gertrude Titus	Reba Buckaloo
Ella Beinert	Hattie Sheppard
Rosa Beinert	Hattie Wilson
Guy Snell	Jennie Haley
Willie Benjamin	Mamie Outen
Bert Garman	Minnie Cobb
Wilford Briggs	Bertha Calhoun
FREMONT, IA.	Eunice Powell
Nettie Taylor	Rebecca Butcher
Annie Landers	Lizzie Bingham
May Pixler	Mabel Compton
Agnes Russell	Morton Vangulider
Lollie Landers	Imley Sharp
Nancy McClain	Lettie Shropshire
Carl Etchinson	John Speare
Eloridge Etchinson	Grant Cobb
Jay Barrett	Willie Willis
HUMBOLDT, KAN.	Boyd Sheppard
Georgie Stevens	Willie Woodland
Mabel Stevens	

Names this week, 127. Total 26,202.

The above embraces all names received up to April 11.

A PROPER PRECAUTION.

AMMA was washing
the cooking dishes
And her little three-
year-old girlie Kate,
Was busy wiping the
shining cake tins,
With the thought of
helping quite elate.

"Be sure and wipe them
dry," said mamma,
To her faithful little
servant-maid,
"For if you don't they'll
all grow rusty;
And that would spoil
them, I'm afraid."

Rosy and fresh from his
bath, next morning,
Baby sat on his mamma's knee
While sister Katie tried to coax him
To have his face wiped patiently.

"Oo must have ye corners wiped dry, baby,
I'm older van oo, an oo surely must,
For if ye les testest bit of wetness
Is left, oor face will surely rust."
—*Lewiston Journal.*

THE DUKE DONOHUE.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

MALL of his age, but smart as a steel trap." That was the general verdict when Patsy Donohue had been among us for a year or more. His father was an obliging old Irishman, a veritable "son of the sod," who did all sorts of odd jobs around town, and whose pigs were "that accommodatin', sor, that faith they'll ate anything but rocks." His mother was a "dacent body," ready to take in washing or help in house-cleaning as opportunity served, while both seemed possessed of but one leading idea—a "rispictible ed-dhukkay shun for the bye Patsy, sor."

A good, whole-souled, warm-hearted, rollicking lad was Patsy Donohue, foremost in all out sports and mischiefs, quick of head and deft of hand at any kind of work or play, and there were few of us who could hope to get up head while Patsy Donohue led our class at school.

The first class in the Fourth ward Grammar school had the reputation of being the "crack" class in town, the pride of its teacher, Miss Larrabee, and the delight of school committeemen. To be at the head of the first class, therefore, was no small honor; it was a pre-eminence coveted by all aspiring girls and boys. But one needed to keep his weather eye open while about to get ahead of Patsy Donohue, and though, by a law of the school, the first of each month found him at the foot of the class, the last of each month as regularly found him at the head.

Miss Larrabee was an enthusiast in history. That study was her hobby, and from Romulus and Remus to Richard the Lionhearted we followed her inspiring lead. But none were more enthusiastic than Patsy Donohue. I can see him now, all eager and earnest, as in his rich brogue he told of the faith of Regulus or the valor of Horatius, the manliness of Alfred or the chivalry of Harry of Monmouth. Even Miss Larrabee would smile at his ardor, and would call him her Sir Galahad, or quote from her favorite Macaulay as she looked at Patsy's flushed and earnest face:

"So stalked he when he turned to flight
On that famed Picard field
Bohemia's plume and Genoa's bow
And Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when at Agincourt
In wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws
The princely hunters lay."

We all liked Patsy mightily; for though he was a sharp and shrewd competitor, and hard to beat both in sport and study, he was so open-handed and "slave-hearty" in his efforts and competitions that we rejoiced at his triumphs and never grudged him the victory, as, it must be confessed, we sometimes did Bob Bracewell, Judge Bracewell's son, who would not hesitate at any meanness or petty trick to gain his ends. And so we were especially glad when Patsy carried off the prize of a year's membership in the town library, which Judge Bracewell offered for "the most meritorious composition on the Wars of the Roses" at the spring examination.

But oh, the effect of that library membership upon Patsy Donohue! He who had been the life of all our sports and tramps became a regular bookworm. Day after day lived in the town library; not so much among the new books that all the boys wanted to read as among the big and dusty volumes in the reference room—a collection of quaint and curious old-time relics which had been given to the library by a certain antiquarian scholar of our town, himself almost as quaint and musty as the books he had donated.

"Ah, shure, Jimmy darlin', I've found a trayzure," Patsy confided to me, with eager voice and glittering eye, clutching me by the arm one day as I was cruising down the street on an anxious search for the advance signs of an expected circus procession. "Come in onct, and let me show it ye." And he dragged me up the library stairs and into the reference room before I could say him nay. "See there, now"—making me bend above an open and time-stained volume which certainly had no attraction for a circus-hunting youth—"see there, now; it's an ould history of Oireland shure, and there's a hult genee-awlogy in it—and what d'ye think? I've traced out all the ould names and pidigrees until I'm mortal shure, Jimmy darlin', that I, Patsy with ne'er a rid cint to me pocket, am a discindint of the line of Donnchadh dhu, the son of Brian Boru, chieftain of the Clan Cas, and King of Munster. I've r'yal blood in my veins, Jimmy, and what d'ye think of that?"

I was too deeply impressed with the magnitude of the revelation to speak, and indeed Patsy gave me but little chance.

"Yes, Jimmy," he rattled on, "the Donnchadh dhu, or Donohues, were jooks and princes long before the Tudors and the Plantagenets. The Plantagenets!"—and here the noble Donohue gave a sniff of scorn—"what were they? Broom-makers, Jimmy, nothin' but broom-makers, when the Donohues wore gilded crowns and crested helmets in the King's palace at Tara! Hark to this, now"—and he read rapidly from the old chronicle: "'Then the Duke of Donnchad dhu, that very valiant champion, like a bird of valor and championship arose, and he made a vigorous rush at the whole battalion of the black Danars and pirates like to the roll of a deluging torrent that shatters everything that resists it; and he made a hero's breach in it, and his enemies testify that there fell by his right hand fifty, and fifty by his left hand, at the onset, and all the people on the watch tower shouted for joy, and the champion of the Del-Cas said to Sitric the son of Lodar—'"

But here the shouts in the street made me quite indifferent as to what the champion of the Del-Cas said to Sitric the son of Lodar, and as above the shouts I could catch the clash of distant circus music, I tore myself away from the reference room, and dashed down the library stairs.

The belief in his descent from so lofty an ancestry grew upon Patsy with so strong a hold that not even all our teasing or bragging could shake his firm faith, and soon we actually—boys and girls as well—became converts to his theory, and grew to be implicit believers in the truth of his claim, calling him "the Duke" and "Duke Donohue" with as much assurance as we had ever called him Patsy before, so complete is the dominance which one strong and decided mind may exert over those with whom it is associated.

"And why do the boys call you 'the Duke' Patsy?" Miss Larrabee asked him one day, after she had heard frequent repetitions of his title both in school and out.

"Shure, ma'am, and it's because I *am* the Jook," replied Patsy, with simple but dignified assurance. "

Talmage's Sermon.

THE WORLD TO BE SAVED.

It can be Done in Ten Years—A Fitting Close to the Grandest Century in the History of the World.

BROOKLYN, April 14.—At the Tabernacle to-day, after expounding passages descriptive of the world as it shall be when gospelized, Dr. Talmage took the following text: Revelation xix, 4: "Amen; Alleluia!"

The nineteenth century is departing. After it has taken a few more steps, if each year be a step, it will be gone into the eternities. In a short time we shall be in the last decade of this century, which fact makes the solemnest book outside the Bible, the almanac, and the most suggestive and the most tremendous piece of machinery in all the earth, the clock. The last decade of this century upon which we shall soon enter will be the grandest, mightiest and most decisive decade in all the chronologies. I am glad it is not to come immediately, for we need by a new baptism of the Holy Ghost to prepare for it. That last ten years of the nineteenth century, may we all live to see them! Does any one say that this division of time is arbitrary? Oh, no; in other ages the divisions of time may have been arbitrary, but our years date from Christ.

I have noticed that the favorite time in many of the centuries for great events was the closing fragment of the century. Is America to be discovered, it must be in the last decade of the fifteenth century, namely 1492. Was free constitutional government to be well established in America, the last years of the eighteenth century must achieve it. Were three cities to be submerged by one pitch of scorize, Herculaneum and Stabiæ and Pompeii in the latter part of the first century must go under. The fourth century closed with the most agitating ecclesiastical war of history, Urban the Sixth against Clement the Seventh. Alfred the Great closes the ninth century and Edward Ironsides the eleventh century with their resounding deeds. The sixteenth century closed with the establishment of religious independence in the United Netherlands. Aye, almost every century has had its peroration of overtowering achievements. As the closing years of the centuries seem a favorite time for great scenes of emancipation or disaster, and as the number ten seems a favorite number in the Scriptures written by divine direction, and as we are soon to enter upon the last ten years of the Nineteenth century, what does the world propose? What does the Church of Christ propose? What do reformers propose? I know not; but now in the presence of this consecrated assembly I propose that we make ready, get all our batteries planted and all our plans well laid in what remains of this decade, and then in the last decade of the Nineteenth century march up and take this round world for God.

When I say we, I mean the five hundred million Christians now alive. But, as many of them will not have enough heart for the work, let us copy Gideon, and as he had thirty-two thousand men in his army to fight the Midianites, but many of them were not made of the right stuff, and he promulgated a military order saying, "whosoever is fearful and afraid let him return and depart early from Gilead," and twenty-two thousand were dismissed, of getting hurt and much home and only ten thousand were left, and God told them that even this reduced number was too large a number, for they might think they had triumphed independent of divine help, and so the number must be still further reduced and only those should be kept in the ranks who in passing the river should be so in haste for victory over their enemies that, though very thirsty, they would without stopping a second just scoop up the water in the palm of their right hand and scoop up the water in the palm of their left hand, and only 300 men did that, and those 300 men with the battle shout, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," scattered the Midianites like leaves in an equinox, so out of the 500,000,000 nominal Christians of the earth let all unbelievers and cowards go home and get out of the way. And suppose we have only 400,000,000 left, suppose only 200,000,000 left, suppose only 100,000,000, yea, suppose we only have 50,000,000 left, with them we will undertake the divine crusade, and each one just scooping up a palm full of the river of God's mercy in one hand and a palm full of the river of God's strength in the other, let us with the two-fold sword of the Lord and of Gideon," the sword of the Lord and of John Knox, the sword of the Lord and of Matthew Simpson, the sword of the Lord and of Bishop Mellvaine, the sword of the Lord and of Adoniram Judson, the sword of the Lord and of Martin Luther, go into the last decade of the nineteenth century.

It is audacious for me to propose it? Oh, no; a captive servant in the kitchen of Naaman told the commander-in-chief where he could get rid of the blotches of his awful leprosy, and his complexion became fair as a babe's. And didn't Christ in order to take the ophthalmia out of the eyes of the blind man use a mixture of spittle and dust? And who showed Blucher a short cut for his army, so that instead of taking the regular road which would have come up too late, he came up in time to save Waterloo and Europe? Was it not an unknown lad who perhaps could not write his own name? And so I, "who am less than the least of all saints," propose a short cut to victory, and am willing to be the expectoration on some blind eye and tell some of the brigadier generals of the Lord of hosts how this eyesalve is made. I propose that the nineteenth century have its flesh come again as the flesh of a little child.

Is there anything in prophecy to hinder this speedy consummation? No. Some one begins to quote from Daniel about "time, times and a half time," and takes from Revelation the seven trumpets, blowing them all at once in my ear. But with utmost reverence I take up all the prophecies and hold them toward heaven and say God never has and never will stop consecrated effort and holy enterprise and magnificent resolve, and that if the church of God will rise up to its full work it can make Daniel's time twenty years and his half time ten years. Neither Isaiah, nor Ezekiel, nor Micah, nor Malachi, nor Jeremiah, nor any of the major or minor prophets will hinder us a second. Suppose the Bible had announced a millennium to begin the year 3889, that would be no hindrance. In one sense God never changes his mind, being the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But in another sense he does change his mind, and times without number, every day, and that is when his people pray. Didn't he change his mind about Nineveh? By God's command Jonah, at the top of his voice, while standing on the merchants' exchange and on the palatial residences of that city, cried out, "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." Was it overthrown in forty days? No. The people gave up their sins and cried for mercy, and though Jonah got mad because his whole course of sermons had been spoiled and went into a disgraceful pouting, we have the record so that the smallest child can read it without feeling a nervous chill running through me. "God saw their works that they turned from their evil way, and God repented of the evil that he said he would do unto them, and he did it not." God is a father, and some of us know what that means, and some time when we have promised chastisement and the child deserved it, the little darling has put her arms around our neck and expressed such sorrow and such promises of doing better that her tears lauded on the lips of our kiss, and we held her a half hour after on our knee and would as soon think of slapping an angel in the face as of even striking her with the weight of our little finger. God is a father, and while he threatened this world scourgings, though they were to be for a thousand years or five thousand years he would, if the world repented, substitute benediction and divine caress. God changed his mind about Sodom six times. He had determined on its destruction. Abraham asked him if he would not spare it if fifty righteous people were found there; and, narrowing down the number, if forty-five were found there; if forty people; if thirty people; if twenty people; if ten people were found there. And each of the six times the Lord answered, Yes. Oh, why didn't Abraham go on just two steps further and say if five be found there and if one be found there, for then for the sake of Lot, its one good citizen, I think Sodom would have been spared. Eight times does the Bible say that God repented when he had promised punishment and withheld the stroke. Was it a slip of Paul's pen when he spoke of God's cutting short the work in righteousness? No, Paul's pen never slipped. There is nothing in the way of prophecy to hinder the crusade I have proposed for the last decade of the Nineteenth century.

The whole trouble is that we put off the completion of the world's redemption to such long and indefinite distances. The old proverb that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," might be changed a little and be made truthfully to say what is the Gospel business of all the ages is the Gospel business of no age. We are so constituted we cannot get up much enthusiasm about something five hundred years from now or a thousand years from now. We are fighting at too long a range. That gun called the "Swamp Angel" was a nuisance. It shot six miles, but it hardly ever hit anything. It did its chief destructive work when it burst and killed those who were setting it off. Short range is the effective kind of work, whether it be for worldly or religious purpose. Some man with his eyes half shut drones out to me the Bible quotation: "A thousand years are as one day;" that, is ten centuries are not long for the Lord. But why do you not quote the previous sentence, which says that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years? That is, he could do the work of ten centuries in 24 hours. The mightiest obstacle to Christian work is the impression that the world's evangelization is away off. And we take the telescope and look on and on through centuries until we see two objects near each other, and we strain our vision and guess what they are, and we call great conventions to guess what they are, and we get down our heaviest theological works and balance our telescope on the lid and look and look, and finally conclude that they are two beasts that we see, and the one has hair and the other has wool, and we guess it must be the lion and the lamb lying down together. In that great cradle of postponement and somnolence we rock the church as though it were an impatient child, and say, "Hush, my dear, don't be impatient! Don't get excited by revivals! Don't cry! Your Father's coming! Don't get uneasy! He will be here in two or three or ten or twenty thousand years." And we act as though we thought that when McCaulay's famous New Zealander in the far distant is seated on a broken arch of London bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's his grandchild might break in and jolt his pencil asking him if the thought the millennium ever would appear. Men and women of the eternal God! Sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! We may have it start in the decade that is soon to commence, and it will be done if we can persuade the people between now and then to get ready for the work.

What makes me think it can be done? First, because God is ready. He needs no long persuasion to do his work, for if he is not willing that any should perish, he is not willing that any of the people of the next decade shall perish; and the whole Bible is a chime of bells ringing out "Come, come, come," and you need not go round the earth to find out how much he wants the world to come, but just to walk around one stripped and bare and leafless tree with two branches not arched but horizontal. But he is waiting, as he said he would, for the co-operation of the church. When we are ready God is ready. And he certainly has all the weaponry ready to capture this world for the truth, all the weapons of kindness or devastation. On the one hand, the Gospel and sunshine and power to orchardize and gardenize the earth and fountains swinging in rainbow and Chatsworthian verdure and arcades and temples of the Vale of heaven, while on the other hand he has the weaponry of devastation, thunderbolt and conflagration and forces planetary, solar, lunar, stellar or meteoric, that with loose rein thrown on the neck for a second would leave constellations and galaxies so many split and shivered wheels on the boulevards of heaven. And that God is on our side, all on our side. Blessed be his glorious name! Blessed be the hour when through Jesus Christ my sinful soul made peace with him!

If you continue to ask me why I think that the world can be saved in the final decade of the Nineteenth century, I reply, because it is not a great undertaking, considering the number of workers that will go at it, if once persuaded it can be done. We have all the five hundred million of workers down to four hundred million and three hundred million and two hundred million and one hundred million and to fifty million. I went to work to cipher out how many souls that number could bring to God in ten years, if each one brought a soul every year, and if each soul so brought should bring another each succeeding year. I found that by a simple process in mathematics, that we did not need anything like such a number of workers enlisted. You see it is simply a question of mathematics and in geometrical progression. Then I gave to the learned professor this problem: How many persons would it require to start with, if each one brought a soul into the kingdom each year for ten years, and each one brought another each succeeding year, in order to have fourteen hundred million people saved, or the population of the earth at present? His answer was two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand three hundred and seventy five workers. So you see that when I sifted the five hundred million nominal Christians of the earth down to fifty million and stopped there, I retained a surplus of forty-seven million people too many. There it is in glorious mathematics, *quod erat demonstrandum.*

Another reason why I know it can be done is that we may divide the work up among the denominations. God does not ask any one denomination to do the work or any dozen denominations. The work can be divided and is being divided up, not geographically, though that has been the temperaments of the human family. We can not say to one denomination, You take Persia, and another, You take China, and another, You take India, because there are all styles of temperament in all nations. And some denominations are especially adapted to work with people of sanguine temperament or phlegmatic temperament or choleric temperament or bilious temperament or nervous temperament or sympathetic temperament. The Episcopal church will do its most effective work with those who by taste prefer the stately and ritualistic. The Methodist church will do its best work among the emotional and demonstrative. The Presbyterian church will do its best work among those who like strong doctrine and the stately service softened by the emotional. So each denomination will have certain kinds of people whom it will especially affect. So let the work be divided up. There seven hundred and fifty thousand Christians of the Presbyterian church, north, and other hundreds of thousands in the Presbyterian church, south, and all foreign Presbyterians, more especially Scotch, English and Irish, making, I guess, about two million Presbyterians. The Methodist church is still larger; the church of England on both sides the sea still larger; and many other denominations as much, if not more, consecrated than any I have mentioned. Divide up the world's evangelization among these denominations after they are persuaded it can be done before the Nineteenth century is found, and the last Hottentot, the last Turk, the last Japanese, the last American, the last European, the last Asiatic, the last African will see the salvation of God before he sees the opening gate of the twentieth century.

Again, I feel the whole world can be saved in the time specified, because we have all manner of machinery requisite. It is not as though we had to build the printing presses; they are all built and running day and night, those printing religious papers (825 of those religious papers in this country), those printing religious tracts and those printing religious books. And thousands of printing presses now in the service of the devil could be brought and set to work in the service of God. Why was the printing press invented? To turn out billheads and circulars for patent medicines and tell the news which, in three months, is of no importance? From the old time Franklin printing presses on up to the Lord Stanhope's press and the Washington press and the Victory press to Hoe's perfecting printing press that machine has been improving for its best work and its final work, namely, the publication of the glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. We have the presses, or can have them before January 1, when the new decade is to begin, enough to put a Bible in the hand of every son and daughter of Adam and Eve now living, and if such person cannot read we can have a colporteur, an evangelist or a missionary to read it to him or her.

But this brings me to the adjoining thought, namely, we have the money to do the work. I mean the fifty million of Christians have it. Aye, the two million seven hundred and fifty-four thousand Christians have it; and the dam which is beginning to leak will soon break, and there will be rushing floods of hundreds and millions and billions of dollars in holy contribution when you persuade the wealthy men of the kingdom of God that the speedy conversion of the world is a possibility, and that Isaiah and Ezekiel and Daniel and John will not stand in the way of it but help it on. I have no sympathy with this bombardment of rich men. We would each one be worth five million dollars if we could, and by hard persuasion perhaps might be induced to take fifteen million. Almost every paper I take up tells of some wealthy man who has endowed a college or built a church or a hospital or a free library, and that thing is going to multiply until the treasury of all our denominations and reformatory organizations will be overwhelmed with munificence if we can persuade our men of wealth that the world's evangelization is possible and that they may live to see it with their own eyes. I have always cherished the idea that when the world is converted we would be allowed to come out on the battlements of heaven and see the bannered procession and the bonfires of victory. But I would like to see the procession closer by and just be permitted myself to throw on a fagot for a bigger bonfire. And if you persuade our men of wealth that there is a possibility for them to join on earth in the universal glee of a redeemed planet, instead of laboriously seeking for funds and arguing and flattering in order to get a contribution for Christian objects, our men of wealth will stand in line as at a postoffice window or a railroad ticket office, but in this case waiting for their turn to make charitable deposit. The Gentiles are not long going to allow themselves to be eclipsed by Mr. Hursch, the Jew who has just given $40,000,000 for schools in France, Germany and Russia. I rejoice that so much of the wealth of the world is coming into the possession of Christian men and women. And although the original church was very poor, and its members were fish dealers on the banks of Galilee and had only such stock on hand as they could take in their own net, to-day in the hands of Christian men and women there is enough money to print Bibles and build churches and support missionaries under God in ten years to save the world.

Again, I think that the world's evangelization can be achieved in the time specified because we have already the theological institutions necessary for this work. We do not have to build them; they are built and they are filled with tens of thousands of young men, and there will be three sets of students who will graduate into the ministry before the close of this century, and once having them understand that instead of preaching thirty or forty years and taking into the kingdom of God a few hundred souls, right before them is the Sedan, is the Armageddon, and these young men, instead of entering the ministry timid and with apologetic air, will feel like David, who came up just as the armies were set in array and he left his carriage and shouted for the battle and cried: "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?" and with five gravel stones skillfully flung sent sprawling the bragging ten footer, his mouth into the dust and his heels into the air.

My friends, what but such a consummation could be a fit climax to this century? You can see a tendency in history and all about us to a climax. The creation week rising from herbs to fish and from fish to bird and from bird to quadruped and from quadruped to immortal man. The New Testament rising from quiet genealogical table in Matthew to apocalyptic doxology in Revelation. Now what can be an appropriate climax to this century, which has been the birth of the first steamer and the throb of the first stethoscope and the click of the first telegraph and the clatter of the first sewing machine, and saw the flash of the first electric light and the revolution of the first steam plow; and the law of storms was written; and the American Bible society and American Tract society were born; and instead of an influence following Dr. Carey for advocating foreign missions, as was done at Northampton in England in the last century, now all denominations vying with each other as to who shall go the furtherest and the soonest into the darkest of the New Hebrides; and three hundred thousand souls have been born to God in the South Sea Islands, and Micronesia and Polynesia and Malayan Polynesia have been set in the hands of Christ, and David Livingstone has unveiled Africa and the last bolted gate of barbaric nations has swung wide open to let the Gospel in. What, I ask, with a thousand interrogation points uplifted, can be a fit, an appropriate and sufficient climax except it be a world redeemed?

Yea, I believe it can be done if we get prepared for it, because the whole air and the whole heaven is full of willing help. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth?" We make an awful mistake if we calculate only on the forces we can see. The mightiest army is in the air. My brethren, so much of selfishness and pride and rivalry and bad motives of all kinds get into our work here that we are hindred. But the mighty souls that have gone on the flying car through the sky have left all imperfection behind; and these souls are with us and without a fault and with perfect natures are on our side. You cannot make me believe that after toiling here for long years for the redemption of the world, until from exhaustion some of them fell into their graves, they have ceased their interest in the stupendous conflict now raging, or that they are going to be indolent in Heaven. Dr. Bray, Honored on earth but now glorified in heaven, have you forgotten the work toward which you gave for more than half a century your gracious life, your loving voice and your matchless pen? No! Then come down and help. Alexander Duff! Have you forgotten the millions of India for whose salvation you suffered in Hindoo jungle and thundered on missionary platform? No! Then come down and help. Henry Martyn! Have you forgotten the millions of Brahmanri? Have you forgotten the aborigines to whom you preached and for whom you prayed until you could preach and pray no more, lying down delirious amid the miasmas of the swamp? No! Then come down and help. Moncrieff and Freeman and Campbell! Have you forgotten Lucknow and Cawnpore? No! Then come down and help. I could think of my eyes like Elisha's servant unbelief, and I, the servant of these great Elishas in the Gospel, see the mountains all round about are full of horses of fire and chariots of fire, and they head this way. Hovered over are we by great clouds of witnesses and helpers! Clouds of apostles in the air led on by Paul! Clouds of martyrs in the air led on by Stephen! Clouds of prophets in the air led on by Isaiah! Clouds of patriarchs in the air led on by Abraham! Clouds of ancient warriors in the air led on by Joshua, and that Bible warrior at whose prayer astronomy once halted over Ajalon and Gibeon seems now to lift one hand toward the descending sun of this century and the other hand toward the moon of the last decade saying: "Stand thou still til the church of God gets the final victory!"

Then let us take what remains of this decade to get ready for the final decade of the nineteenth century. You and I may not live to see its close, but that shall not hinder me from declaring the magnificent possibility. I confess that the mistake of my life has been, not that I did not work hard—for I could not have worked harder and lived, as God knows and my family know—but that I have not worked under the realization that the salvation of this world was a nearby possibility. But whether we see it, the beginning or the closing of that decade is of no importance, if only that decade can get the coronation, and then all decades shall kneel before this enthroned decade, and even the gray-grown centuries will cast their crowns before it, and it will be the most honored decade between the time when the morning stars sang together as the fibrelt of world was swung into time and the time when the mighty angel, robed in cloud and garlanded in rainbow, shall, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer. Alleluia! Amen!

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Condition Powders.

We have frequently cautioned owners of live stock not to dose their animals with condition powders whenever they have a case of sickness. You should be sure that the condition powders given are suitable to the sickness before giving them. Condition powders at best should be given cautiously, but when they are given without a knowledge of their virtues in sickness, they are positively injurious, and may result in death. Condition powders are not a cure-all.

Sore Mouth in Horse—Cow Gives Bloody Milk.

J. W., Horsman, Illinois.: To harden the corners of the mouth of your horse, make a strong wash of salt and burnt alum. In the evening wash well with soap and water and then apply the wash. In the morning sprinkle a little wheat flour in the corners of the mouth. See that you have a proper bit. Some horses have very tender mouths. It would be well if you could, to let the horse rest for a week. For the cure of your cow, give half a pound of salts, a teaspoonful of ginger and a cupful of molasses as a drench. After this give an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water once a day for a week. Rub the udder with gentle friction of the hand with vaseline, 4 oz; powdered camphor, ¼ oz. Mix this well.

Sore Lips in Horse.

J. R. D., Mifflin county, Pennsylvania: For sore lips, at angles of mouth, made so by the bit, see answer to J. W., Hersman, Ill., in this issue. This remedy should be applied for some time. If it is an aggravated case you may have to take other means, namely: Mix tincture of myrrh, 1 oz.; tincture of aloes ½ oz.; tincture of opium ¼ oz. Apply three or four times a day.

Swelling of Hock in Horse Caused by a Kick—Demand for Draft Horses.

A Young Farmer, Lincoln, Ills.: You exhibit good judgment in applying salt and vinegar to part injured from a kick. If you had first fomented the injury with warm water for half a day and then applied the salt and vinegar it would have been much better. You know it takes a good while for a kick to get well. We advise you to continue the treatment for at least a week yet, and if by that time the soreness is not all out, take of best vinegar, 1 qt. pulverized saltpeter, 4 oz.; wormwood, 4 ozs. Mix, and steep in a dish well covered; strain, and press the herb. Saturate flannel in this, and wrap around the part affected. Keep the flannel wet. Apply until the liniment is all used. As to which of the horses you name—Clydesdale, English shire or Norman will be most in demand, you ask us a very hard question to solve. They are all good. In some localities the Clydesdale is the favorite; in another the Norman, and in another the English shire. The latter seems to be growing in popular favor in some sections. Ready sale can always be found for the Norman or Clydesdale in cities, where heavy hauling is done.

Chronic Button Farcy.

C. F. B., Ainsworth, Nebraska: Farcy is a contagious disease. It is allied to glanders, and is believed to arise from the same blood poison that causes glanders. It is considered by some incurable. Others think that by care a cure may be had. Take of sulphate of copper, ½ drachm; sulphate of zinc, ½ drachm; aniseed, 3 drachms. Make into a ball with linseed meal or any common mass, and give once a day for several days. If the buds break, touch them with a stick of nitrate of silver. Do not let any of the exudation from the sores touch you.

Scratches and Rubbed Part of Her Mane Off.

C. P. V., Springfield, Kentucky: Give your mare 3 drs. of aloes and 1 oz. bicarbonate of soda in a pint of water as a drench. Reduce her feed, and give no corn for at least two weeks. Clip the hair closely from the parts afflicted, and soak them with lard. After this has been on for half a day, wash off with strong soapsuds water. Then rub the parts affected and three inches around them of the healthy skin with this: Flour of sulphur, 3 ozs.; carbonate of potash, 1½ ozs.; carbolic acid, 5 drs.; lard, 10 ozs.; olive or sweet oil, 10 ozs. Mix this thoroughly and rub well in. Leave it on for two days and wash off with strong soap and water. In a week's time re-apply.

Blemish on Colt's Leg.

H. C. W., Waldron, Michigan:—It is very doubtful if the hair will again grow on that part of your colt's leg that was blistered for so great a length of time. The hair bulbs are very likely destroyed, and the blemish be permanent. If the bulbs are not dead, this will make the hair grow: Strong mercurial ointment, ¼ oz.; castor oil, 1 oz.; oil of origanum, ¼ oz.; cocoa butter (or vaseline) 1½ oz. Melt the butter, and then rub all down together in a mortar that has been slightly warmed.

"Ticks" in Cows and Horses' Ears.

J. N., Panaca, Neb.: Take 1 dr. calomel and 20 ozs. fresh lime water, incorporate well, and wash with this at intervals of four days until you have applied it four times. A good preparation is to make a strong decoction of tobacco leaves, well saturated with weak salt, to be applied as above.

Colt's Neck Swells After Having Distemper.

M. B., Noble county, Ohio: Take a quart of vinegar, put a handful of salt in the vinegar, then dip flannels in it, and apply to the neck. Put a dry wrap over the flannels to keep the heat in as long as possible. Put ¼ oz saltpeter in the drinking water once a day for a week. If the swelling becomes hard, you must poultice it right along for three or four days. If symptoms change so that there is likelihood that the swelling on the neck will burst, write us again, give all digested feed, and do not put the colt where it may get a chill from direct draughts of air.

Nasal Gleet.

M. C. S., West Unity, Ohio: The prescription to which you refer is too strong for nasal gleet. If you will give the following it will be all right: Sulphate of copper, 1 drachm; nitre, 1 drachm; powered gentian, 1 drachm. Mix well, and give three such nights and mornings, with linseed meal, as a ball. Give for about six days, omit for seven days and then repeat it, if there are evidences of the disease. Wash the nostrils out with a syringe, with tincture of chloride of iron, 1 oz.; water 1 qt.; use this once a day.

Lame Horse.

G. W., Kit Carson, Colo.: We advise you to carefully examine your horse's foot for corns before rubbing his shoulder with anything. Contracted feet and corns are frequently the cause of shoulder lameness. See if he has free action of the knee in movement. If so, the trouble is not in the shoulder. If he has lameness of the shoulder there are but two ways to effectively treat. One is blistering, and the other is by putting in a seaton. If it is a mild case it may be cured by taking a bucket half full of hot water, stir in a handful of salt, and if you can get a piece of sheepskin with the wool on, dip it in the water and salt and apply for half an hour, wool side to the shoulder, three or four times a day. If you have no sheepskin use a piece of old blanket. Rub the joint of the shoulder and around it with the hand frequently, this may, with a rest of three or four weeks, bring the horse around all right. If this does not answer, take of powdered cantharides 1 oz., alcohol 1 pt., steep these together for two weeks. This tincture will not raise a full blister and will not blemish. Apply on the joint of the shoulder, not on the blade. You might as well not apply it at all as to put it on the shoulder blade, as most people do. Do not apply until you have fomented the shoulder with hot water and salt, as directed above. If it be necessary to use a seaton, cut muslin, about an inch and a half wide, and pass it about seven inches under the skin, leaving the ends projecting about four inches above the shoulder and wash clean every evening. Leave the seaton on for about three weeks. A very little of the above tincture should be smeared on the seaton once a week to promote the discharge. As you are 60 miles away from a drug store you can order the cantharides by mail.

Red Spider Lice on Fowls.

Mrs. A. B., Peru, Indiana: To get rid of the little red lice on your fowls, first thoroughly clean the house. Then stir an ounce of carbolic acid in a gallon of water and sprinkle every nook and corner. The sides of the coop and all knot holes should be saturated with it, as well as the floor. A good thing, in addition, would be to whitewash your coop, remove the fowls, burn a lump of of sulphur as large as a walnut in the pot or pan, close the door and all cracks, and then let the fumigated well. Scatter tobacco stems or finely cut tobacco in the nests of the hens and dust the fowls with snuff and sulphur flour, half and half, under the wings and among the feathers. The dusting may be done with a small box in which there are small holes. Rub a little fresh lard on the top of the heads of the little chicks. Take a cloth of any kind, dip it in kerosene oil and wipe the perches with it all over. Do not omit the bottom of the perches, as lice gather there. Have plenty of dust for the fowls to dust themselves with. Red lice are hard to get rid of, and keep fowls from laying.

Eruptions on Fowls.

M. W. M., Mercer, Pennsylvania: To cure your fowls of eruption, give each fowl a full teaspoonful of castor oil, three times, at intervals of three days. Give each fowl in soft food, (not sloppy) half a teaspoonful of flower of sulphur once a day for a week. They must have all the green food they want, as the lack of this is one of the causes of the trouble. If diarrhoea shows itself give boiled milk with a quarter of a teasoonful of red pepper to each fowl. A fowl on which eruptions are found should be removed from the rest of the flock, as the disease at times communicates itself to others. It will be well for you to clean out the house thoroughly, and sprinkle the floor with carbolic acid, 1 oz. water 1 gallon.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS.

They are the **Original Little Liver Pills. Purely Vegetable and Perfectly Harmless. As a LIVER PILL, Unequaled!**

ONE PELLET A DOSE! SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

STAMPING AND EMBROIDERY.

"Yes, Lizzie, I like to do fancy work, but I haven't felt like trying that pattern—or anything else—for a week. These awful 'dragging-down' pains are just killing me!" "I know exactly how you feel, and I can tell you where to look for relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a certain cure for all those peculiar weaknesses and distressing ailments. Why! it cured me of prolapsus, and many of my lady friends have been cured of various grave and painful maladies peculiar to our sex, by this wonderful medicine." It is the only medicine, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction *in every case*, or money will be promptly refunded. Read guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

As an invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms, commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Letter From Mr. Stine That Will Interest Farmers.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The burning question amongst the farmers of the West and Northwest is not "What is a lister or what is meant by listing?" Neither is it why does one farmer raise more corn to the acre than his neighbor, all conditions being the same as regards land, seed and time of planting (which latter is a question worth discussing through THE BLADE FARM), but the question that appeals to the farmers' pockets, though a little remote as yet, is the advance in binding twine used on self-binders. The advance in price is about 75 per cent on what it was three years ago, said additional cost of twine, where crops of small grain range all the way from fifty to five hundred acres on an average, will be no mean item from the cost of raising a crop, especially when you take into consideration that the farmer does not belong to the merchantile guild so that he can tack that extra cost to the selling price of his grain, in that respect he is heavily handicaped by the tradesmen and merchant. It is useless now to discuss what caused the rise in price, be it trust or shortness of the sisal hemp, 20 cents per pound is the dictum of the manufacturer and dealer, and which stares us in the face. But what have we done up to this time in order to break the force of the trust, if such it is? Have we taken a lesson like the skillful mariner who sees indications of a sudden squall, by sowing half the number of acres of cereal grain we otherwise would if the price had not gone up, or have we concluded to turn our self-binders into headers and harvesters; or, still further, will we resort to the primative sickle and cradle, or the ubiquitous mower? Some of the above plans have been suggested by the National Alliance, notably, say, half acreage where the raising of small grain is unprofitable, but did the sages in council say who was to decide that question, for we are all "Micawbers" when it comes to that, and we are ready to bank on the future. Why did they not set the example by saying, we as an organization which is in the interest of the farmer as such, agree to put in small grain only, one half as many acres as we intended to before we knew of the advance in the price of twine, and ask all farmers who use twine binders not members of our organization to do the same? The result of such a move, if even partially carried out, would have been, 1st, a heavy surplus of twine to carry over, (similar to the copper trust); 2d, the enhanced price of small grain and corn, for one reacts on the other, so that the outcome pecuniarily would have been the farmers', besides giving a checkmate to the trust. But was the suggestion of alliance followed? Not if this neighborhood is any criterion to judge by. The average of oats is larger than ever before. Counting alliance men and non-members, selfishness or self-interest amongst farmers upon which the trust no doubt largely counted, would prevent them from uniting on a successful plan to defeat their contemplated exortions. Their other advice is impracticable, because to make the necessary changes in the machinery and the additional hands required to run a harvester or header would be considerably more than the increased cost of the twine, besides other inconveniences and drawbacks, which are incidental to the hurry and pusn during harvest time. So we may conclude, as the day of miracles is past, that the farmers will step up to the "captain's office" and pay the advance like little men, about whom there is nothing small, and the alliance will continue to flourish like a green bay tree, whilst its promises to cure the economic evils to which the farmers' business is heir to are, like the "will o' the wisp," illusory, whilst its leaders are casting longing eyes and reaching out for some fat political office. I say this, not through any ill-feeling toward the organization, for I sincerely wish them success in their legitimate aims; but when one is brought face to face with the fact that all the worn-out and superannuated political hacks of both the old parties in a county are ostensibly its leaders, the thing looks fishy and smells fishy. No farmers' organization that I know of ever had a better show of success by rallying its own forces, combined with numbers outside of it, who were only awaiting the signal, for it to present some feasible plan of co operation in order to defeat the combine, but alas! the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse; hence its future cry of anti-monopoly will come with bad grace.—WM. STINE, Wilsey, Kansas.

A Good Egg Record.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I saw in your issue of March 12, a correspondent says he sold 26 dozen of eggs from twelve chickens, from the first day of September to the first day of February. I sold 29 dozen eggs from nine chickens, from December 25, 1888, to March 25, 1889. I have all last year's chickens. I think chickens pay to keep at that rate.—JOHN BAINES, Fremont, O.

Lumps on Colts' Heads—Pekin Ducks—Lice—Little Chicks.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If I may enter THE BLADE FARM, I will tell S. B., Fargo, Kansas, my experience with lumps on a colt's head. When the colt was about two years' old, the bone between the eye and nostril, on each side, became swollen, and some of our neighbors told us she had the "big head," and one kindly (?) offered to buy her (cheap) of us; but we kept her, and soon two teeth came through just in front of her back teeth. They were like the tushes that come in at five years old, only farther back, and are called "wolf teeth." We had them removed, and the swelling did not get any larger, but is still there. That was some time ago, and the the lumps were growing quite rapidly until the teeth were removed.

Will some one please tell me all about raising Pekin ducks? How old they should be before picking? How often they may be picked, and how to tell when they are ready to be picked and every thing a person should know about ducks to make a success of them from the time they come out of the egg.

Would anyone care for directions for making "Jaquis incubator?" It seems quite cheap and simple and I should think would be good as any. I have had no chance to try it yet; also a "patent mother" for raising the chicks from the incubator?

What ails my little chicks that scratch the side of their heads and peep so if they get water on them? Did any one ever try feeding little chickens on millet seed? And if so, with what success? I have plenty of seed but am almost afraid to try it.

For lice on cattle and horses, I made a strong tea of smoking tobacco and when it got cool, tied a rag to a stick and sopped the affected animals all over in it, parting the hair if it was long so the tea would penetrate to the skin; then while they were wet, I curried them thoroughly. It will kill all the lice that are alive at the time. If more hatch, repeat as often as necessary; it will not be often. Lard and coal oil mixed and rubbed in, or lard and sulphur, is very good. If I see another chance when I think I may help some one, I will come again, if I am not excluded from the FARM because I am a woman.—KANSAS FARMERESS. [Yes, come again. We think if you will examine heads of your little chicks, you will find a big louse or lice on each. Rub their heads with unsalted lard, from the base of the bill to the base of the brain.—ED.]

Corn Fodder.

EDITOR BDADE FARM:—I have as fine corn fodder as ever grew anywhere, as I cut it very green and saved it nicely, but as the weather is very dry generally in this country, it breaks up badly in feeding. Have been thinking of raking up next summer's crop like hay and selling it, to see whether it would not have a tendency to toughen it. Have any of our readers had any experience in it; or can they give any information how to improve fodder in the line mentioned?—GEO. WEISBARD, Kit Carson, Colorado.

How to Grow Currants.

Six years' experiments with currants have led me to abandon wholly the handsome tree form for a much larger and more economically harvested yield. Follow each year from four to six new shoots to grow from the ground surface on each bush, keeping the soil well fertilized and cultivated clean, destroying the current worm when it appears by a careful dusting, especially of the under surfaces of the leaves, with powder of white hellebore applied while the dew is on. When the currants are sufficiently ripened (and for perfection in making jelly, they should hardly all be red or ripe,) the pickers are cut off with a corn-knife or grass-hook every branch which is in bearing, lay the branches carefully in the garden barrow, and wheel them off and dump them in the shade, where they afterward sit and strip the branches at leisure. As all the currants under this treatment grow on new wood the fruit is finer and more abundant, and the dread of picking while "squat like a toad" in the boiling heat of July has vanished.

After six years of this apparently severe treatment my old bushes are more vigorous than when I commenced, and in better condition than the new planting which I then made in the expectation of killing out the old ones and relying on the new. Estimate the time required for pleasing is not more than half that consumed by the old way. The increased comfort of the pickers and the improved quality of the crop cannot be estimated.—*C. H. O. in Country Gentleman.*

How Seeds Spread.

Some years ago it is said that a citizen of California imported from the East the seed of the old-fashioned dandelion. He wanted something to remind him of his early home. Like the man who imported the sparrow, he did worse than he knew. The sparrow is everywhere; so is the dandelion. The seed drifts in the wind, like that of the thistle; the down is built into the nests of birds, and every seed which gets a lodgement on a lawn or grass-plot will, in due time, produce a million more. Now the solitary dandelion is very attractive in bloom, and hardly less so when after the blossom the gauze globe appears and a few days afterward goes sailing off before the wind like a small balloon. But the citizen who is forced to dig up his lawn, because a million dandelion roots have strangled the grass, will utter no benediction over this rich golden blossom.—*Prairie Farmer.*

EXTREME wakefulness, distressing nervousness, chronic rheumatic pains, sciatica, neuralgia, any of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney or Bright's disease. Prof.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

WASHINGTON, April 12.—The President made the following appointments this afternoon:

LYMAN E. KNAPP, of Middlebury, Vt., to be governor of Alaska.

JAMES P. LUSE, of Dakota, to be register of the land office at Rapid City, Dak.

THOMAS M. REED, JR., of Washington, SPENCER HARTWIG, of Covington, Ky., to be a special agents to make allotments in severalty to Indians under the provisions of the act of Congress approved February 8, 1887.

The President made the following appointments on April 16:

WM. P. HEPBURN, of Iowa, to be solicitor of the Treasury.

WM. H. WHITEMAN, of New Mexico, associate justice of the Supreme court of the territory of New Mexico.

[Gen. Wm. P. Hepburn, appointed solicitor of the Treasury, represented the Eighth district of Iowa in Congress for several terms. He was born in Columbiana county, O., in 1833, and began the study of law in 1853. In 1856 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Marshal county, Iowa, and was subsequently elected chief clerk of the Iowa House of Representatives. He served in the Union army during the war, and at one time commanded the second brigade, cavalry division, sixteenth army corps. He has always been an earnest Republican, and was recommended for the solicitorship by the leading men of his party.]

The President appointed the following named postmasters on April 10:

Julius A. Remmel, at Mauch Chunck, Pa., vice J. L. Stedman nominated December 17, 1888, but not confirmed; Sydney A. Bivens, at Cottonwood Falls, Kansas, vice Miss Luella P. Paugh, office becoming Presidential; Oliver P. Brown, at Canton, Ohio, vice Azel Pierce, appointed January 11, 1889, but not confirmed; Albert M. Brookes, at Seattle, W. T., vice John M. Lyon, removed; James C. Harwood, at Clarion, Iowa, vice S. W. Summers, nominated January 11, 1889, but not confirmed; Egerton B. Williams, at Ironwood, Mich., vice George F. Kelly, nominated January 9, 1889, but not confirmed; James L. Rogers, at Eldorado, Kansas, vice Thos. P. Fulton, resigned; Andrew Galbraith, at Toulon, Ill., vice J. K. Knowhall, resigned; Clarence A. Murray at Watkegan, Ill., vice James F. Moran, jr., resigned; Henry Lange at Clarinda, Iowa, vice N. C. Ridenour, commission expired; James H. Merrill at Maywood, Ill., vice Samuel C. S. Kemp, nominated December 17, 1888, but not confirmed; John L. Hindsing at Knoxville, Iowa, vice James M. King, resigned; Walter W. Hindley at Urbana, Ill., vice S. B. Radbaugh, removed; Alnion S. Palmer at Onarga, Ill., vice Jos. Brelsford, removed; John J. Spalding at Town du Pu, vice Elijah L. Persons, removed; Wm. P. Harster at Huntsdale, Pa., vice George W. Dickey, resigned; Eli Overhalt at Wadsworth, O., vice B. F. Somanstein, nominated January 9, 1889, but not confirmed; Ambrose Bray at Central City, Col., vice Solomon Woolley, commission expired; Augustus E. Hapler at Pawnee City, Neb., vice G. A. J. Moss, resigned; Peter H. Hendrake at Knoxville, Iowa, vice J. C. Davis, removed; Joshua A. Pike at Florence, Kan., vice Alphonso Bicket, nominated Dec. 17, 1888, but not confirmed; Augustus S. Smith, at Marysville, Cala., vice Thomas Farrell, removed; Lyman G. Wilcox, at Bay City, Mich., vice George Washington, removed; Alexander Cameron, at Madison, Dak., vice J. J. Fitzgerald, nominated December 17, 1888, but not confirmed; Joseph W. Husetter, at Seville, Ohio, appointed; Abraham Andrew, at Watseka, Ills., vice Wm. H. Harry, removed; Carl T. Peterson, at Livingston, Mont., vice John S. Stuff, resigned; Chas. W. Dawson, at New Richmond, Ohio, vice John W. Davis, nominated January 11, 1889, but not confirmed; Harrison Barden, at Charlevoix, Mich., vice Charles J. Strang, removed; John Poole, at Redwood City, Cala., vice Louis Jackson, nominated January 30, 1880, but not confirmed.

The President Carefully Scrutinizing the List of Applicants.

Secretary Windom had a long conference with the President on April 10, but none of the details of what was done have been made public. The secretary was asked if Ohio was going to secure any of the more important offices in the treasury but he only said that the whole matter was being scrutinized by the President and that the matter would be decided in a day or two. In this manner the President will go through all the departments and by such means he expects to secure good men. This is emphatically a Harrison administration.

Corporal Tanner's Policy.

There are many changes that will be made in the pension office when the new commissioner gets around to it and not the least important will be the reorganization of the special agents or examiners in the field. A large number of their details will expire on June 30 next, and it is not likely that many will be continued in the service. These have generally been the most powerful help to Gen. Black in framing their reports so as to favor Democratic applicants and bar out or shelve the cases of Republican soldiers. Just about election time the mills ground out lots and lots of pensions for those who it was hoped would vote the Democratic ticket in Indiana, New Jersey, Connecticut and other doubtful states, and it was these examiners in the field who aided in the work. I see that there is an effort being made to convey the impression that the new commissioner is decidedly bumptious, so much so indeed that the secretary has been compelled to sit down upon him. This is not so. He has moved very cautiously and has not sought to make a change which he did not think would be approved by the secretary. I venture the prediction now that when Corporal Tanner gets ready to make removals in the pension office the secretary will fully sustain him. His policy will be a liberal one and there will be no presidential vetoes of private pension bills with a sneering allusion to the applicant because he was an unfortunate ex-Union soldier who had suffered from neglect of action or from broken down health resulting from exposure in the line of his duty.

Old Officials to be Restored.

The President is moving slowly in the matter of appointments, but he is getting at the different offices as rapidly as possible. Never has the executive mail been as heavy as now and the clerks and stenographers are obliged to work until 10 and 11 o'clock at night, and even then they don't catch up. One thing is a change from the last administration and that is there is no work done at the White House on Sunday. There seems to be no let up in the correspondence and the number of letters daily received now is even greater than during the first days of the administration. As mentioned the policy, which was evidenced in the postoffice department in the restoration of the chiefs of the railway mail service, of replacing in their old offices those who had been either removed or reduced by the Democrats, and I am glad to learn that this policy is to be pursued in all the departments. Several instances have already occurred, notably the restoration of Schuyler Weaver as chief clerk of the Patent office, and that of H. C. McLean as chief clerk of the supervising architect's office. Duryea had been for years in the Patent office and had been for years promised the chief clerkship by reason of his experience and ability. He was retained by Commissioner Montgomery, who realized his value to the government, but when Montgomery resigned and Benton Hall, of Iowa, was appointed, he removed Duryee because he was a Republican and made a man named Lipscomb chief clerk. Lipscomb was an ignorant Southern politician, who had no more idea of patents than a cow has of Choctaw, and about all he has done has been to sit in his chair and look wise and draw his salary. He got into a row once with an attorney who came into his office, saw him lounging back in his chair and smoking, and pleasantly remarked, "Ah, Mr. Lipscomb, I see you are enjoying your otium cum dignitate," Lipscomb got up and knocked the lawyer down, swearing that no man should come into his office and call him names like that.

The Color Line.

The Inter-state Commerce Commission on April 10 begun the hearing of arguments in the case of William H. Heard, colored, against the Georgia railroad company. The issue presented in this case is whether the petitioner while riding on a car of the company was subjected to undue and unreasonable prejudice and disadvantage. Heard was traveling on a first class through ticket from Philadelphia to Atlanta. When the train reached Augusta, Ga., the passengers had to change from the road on which they were traveling to a car on defendant's road. Petitioner being a colored man, was compelled to enter and occupy while on the train, a compartment car in use on the road. These cars are divided into two compartments, one of which is for the use of colored persons and the other for the use of smokers, by persons of either color.

Petitioner claims that these accommodations were inferior in every way to the accommodations of the first-class coach occupied by the white passengers on the same train. This, he claims, was in violation of the section of the inter-state commerce law, which makes it unlawful for any common carrier to subject any particular person to any undue or unreasonable prejudice or disadvantage in any respect whatever. The same petitioner was complainant in a case involving like charges about eighteen months ago. This former case was decided by the commission against the company, and the commission then ordered the company to cease and desist from subjecting colored passengers to such prejudice and disadvantage. Petitioner brings this charge so as to obtain a supplemental order from the commission mandatory and effectual in character.

THE SAMOAN COMMISSION.

The Three American Members and Their Instructions.

Congressman W. W. Phelps, ex-Minister Kasson, and George H. Bates, the United States delegate to the Samoan Commission, accompanied by Lieut. Parker, ex-Consul General Harold M. Sewall and Messenger John Butler, have left for Berlin by the Umbria.

Two hours before their departure a special messenger from the state department handed to Mr. Phelps a large envelope bearing several great red seals.

The messenger had gone from Washington by the night express, and the envelope he carried contained the official instructions to the Samoan commissioners.

Previous to the departure of the commissioners for New York several conferences with Secretary Blaine were held at the State department, but the final instructions were the subject of profound and exhaustive discussion at the Cabinet meeting Friday. After an agreement was reached they were redrafted and entrusted to a special messenger for delivery.

These instructions will be guarded with great care by the commissioners to prevent their publication, but your correspondent secured an accurate abstract showing the powers and limitation prescribed for the guidance of the gentlemen who are to represent the United States in the coming conference. It is a striking and noteworthy fact that in drawing the instructions to the commissioners the ideas and general policy of Secretary Bayard have been closely adhered to by Secretary Blaine.

Indeed, there is not an item of consequence embraced in the instructions which has not been emphasized by Mr. Bayard in the course of his several statements of the position of the United States in the Samoan controversy.

The commissioners are instructed to insist upon the absolute autonomy of the native government in the Samoan islands. This is the most important point to be considered, and its observance is made a *sine qua non* of any agreement to be arrived at.

The commissioners are directed to emphas ze the fact that no preponderance of commercial interest should weigh to the extent of warranting any assignment of authority or influence with the native government to any representative of a treaty power. The commissioners are further instructed not to admit under any circumstances, the assumption so arrogantly made by Prince Bismarck that the representatives of the United States in Samoa have been in any way responsible for the deplorable condition of affairs there.

In a letter to Secretary Bayard, Prince Bismarck said on this point: "It is remarkable that on that remote realm of islands, where neither America nor Germany has any political interest to defend, we are exposed to the continued ill will of a series of American representatives. Should my supposition be right, that these difficulties have their origin in the personal disposition of the American representatives in Apia, and not in their instructions, I am convinced the American government will cause the necessary redress to take place."

Probably the most delicate question the members of the commission will be called on to consider will arise in connection with the damages which Bismarck has declared the German government will exact of the Samoans for losses declared to have been sustained by German subjects at the hands of the natives.

The policy of the United States, however, will be made clearly apparent. While the commissioners will not be prepared to resist the demands that Germany may make upon the Samoans, yet an emphatic protest will be entered against any attempt upon the part of Germany to levy such an indemnity upon the impoverished natives as shall, in effect, give the imperial government a practical mortgage upon the islands, thus enabling the Germans to accomplish by this means that which they have thus far failed to do.

The subject of the formation of a native government for the Samoan islands was canvassed at some length before the commissioners left Washington. Their instructions on this point do not bind them to the proposition submitted by Mr. Bayard, and upon which the last conference split.

No one can predict the length of the conference. Sessions will be held from time to time, and it is not expected that the commissioners, if successful in their mission, will return to this country for several months. The commission is amply provided with funds, the entire appropriation of $500.000 made by Congress to settle the Samoan troubles being available for their expenses.

War Vessels at Samoa.

It is authoritatively stated at the department of State, that the three treaty powers concerned in Samoan affairs—England, Germany and the United States—have reached an understanding, by the terms of which, they will each keep but one war vessel at Samoa pending the termination of the Berlin conference.

The vessel to be sent by the United States will be the Alert, a 1,000-ton ship, now at Honolulu.

The German corvette Sophie, now on her way out from Zanzibar, will represent German interests.

England will doubtless order the Calliope to return to Samoa from Sydney, or will replace her if she was materially damaged by the hurricane.

An Office for the President.

It is reported that the President contemplates taking the whole south front first floor of the state department building for his executive offices and establishing routine office hours there.

Such a plan would give the President of the United States a privilege which the humblest employee of the government have, but which the chief executive does not possess—the right to enjoy his own home.

The clerks in some of the smallest divisions of the state department have more room and more conveniences than the clerks at the executive mansion.

Rival Alabama Delegations in the White House.

Two delegations of Alabama Republicans —onewhite, the other colored—are annoying the President considerably by washing their political linen in Washington and hanging the wash out in the White House.

It is simply a squabble for office, which will probably result in the non-recognition of both parties. The President said that he would not change an Alabama officer until the delegation went home.

About Annexation.

Gov. McClellan of Nova Scotia is in Washington, and in conversing with a group of politicians and newspaper men over the question of annexation, made a somewhat remarkable comparison.

"There are," said he, "annexationists in Canada, just as there are anarchists in Chicago, and the people of my province are not very anxious to become citizens of the United States."

The President's Trip.

Secretary Halford says that the President had made no arrangements to leave Washington before the 29th of this month when he goes to New York to attend the centennial celebration.

The President has declined a number of invitations to visit various cities, including the invitation of the Manufacturers' club of Philadelphia, to attend a reception to be given to Postmaster-General Wanamaker, to-morrow evening.

Call's Successor.

There is considerable interest in Florida over a proposition to elect Senator Call's successor by the legislature now assembled. Senator Call's term expired March 4, 1891. While the present legislature is the last to meet before then, another legislature will be elected in November, 1890, and there will be thirty days' interim between the end of Senator Call's term and the regular session of the legislature elected in 1890.

Paying Up.

The comptroller of the Currency has declared a second dividend of 20 per cent in favor of the creditors of the First National bank of Livingston, Montana, making in all 95 per cent on claims proved, amounting to $23,322. This bank failed August 25, 1884.

Will Sail May 1.

Senator Sherman will sail for Europe on May 1. He goes simply for rest and pleasure. He has no programme, and with a smile of apparently the greatest satisfaction, said: "I shall go wherever fancy leads." He does not know just when he will return.

The Sioux Commission.

It is understood that the new Sioux commission will consist of Wm. Warner, of Missouri; Charles Foster, of Ohio; John H. King, of Nebraska; Maj. Gen. Crook, and a Democratic member not yet decided upon from Pennsylvania.

Counting the Cash.

Assistant U. S Treasurer Roberts assumed charge of the sub-treasury at New York on April 15. The sixteen expert counters from Washington began counting at once. It will take them three weeks to do it.

MATTHEWS'S SUCCESSOR.

An Appointment Looked For Every Day —Judge Sanderson Endorsed.

Representative McKinley on April 10 placed in the hands of the President papers in support of the candidacy of Judge T. W. Sanderson, of Youngstown, for the vacancy on the Supreme bench caused by the death of Justice Stanley Matthews.

The President has not indicated the personality of the lucky one but the appointment is looked for daily.

BREEDING DISEASE.

The White House Unfit for Habitation— Mr. Russell Harrison Seriously Ill.

Mrs. Russell Harrison is seriously ill and the fearful condition of the White House is the cause of her suffering.

The entire sanitary arrangements of the executive mansion are to blame for this, and unless some extensive changes are made very soon Mrs. Russell Harrison will not be the only resident of the White House whose health will be seriously affected.

Off for a Trip.

President Harrison, accompanied by Mrs. Harrison and her guest, Miss Murphy, of St. Paul, and Secretaries Blaine and Windom, started down the Potomac on April 15 for a day's ride.

Before leaving, the President received the Chicago and All America base ball clubs in the east room. The reception was very brief, as the party were waiting then to start for the boat.

SEVEN HUNDRED LIVES.

ABANDONED AT SEA.

A Danish Steamer Left to the Mercy of the Turbulent Ocean.

The Inman line steamer City of Chester, Capt. Bond, from New York April 2 for Liverpool, arrived at Queenstown on April 12. She reports that on April 8, in latitude 46 north, longitude 37 west, she passed the Danishsteamer Denmark, from Christiania, Copenhagen, etc., for New York.

The Denmark had been abandoned by her crew; her stern was level with the sea, and her bow stood high out of the water.

She was apparently sinking. The Denmark was a vessel of 2 260 tons, and belonged to the Thingvalla line. She was commanded by Capt. Knudson. The Denmark was formerly the Belgian steamer Jan Breydel. She was a bark-rigged vessel, and was 340 feet long, 40 feet in breadth, and 26 feet deep. She was built at Newcastle, Eng., in 1880.

Great Excitement in New York About the Fate of the Denmark.

The greatest excitement prevails in shipping circles in New York city over the loss of the Denmark. The Thingvalla line is probably the largest carrying immigrant line that plies between this port and Europe.

The Denmark had on board, when she left Christiansand for New York, on the 26th of March, 650 passengers, presumably all immigrants.

Including the vessel's captain, R. M. Kundsen, the crew numbered 40 men.

The office of the agents of the steamer, Funch, Edye & Co., No. 27 South William street, has been thronged with people all the morning anxiously enquiring for later news of the vessel.

Mr. Edye, of the firm, does not credit the report. He has cabled his London agents, and sought by wire for further particulars from the Copenhagan branch of the firm. Upon the part of Germany to levy such an indemnity upon the impoverished natives as shall, in effect, give the imperial government a practical mortgage upon the islands, thus enabling the Germans to accomplish by this means that which they have thus far failed to do.

The subject of the formation of a native government for the Samoan islands was canvassed at some length before the commissioners left Washington. Their instructions on this point do not bind them to the proposition submitted by Mr. Bayard, and upon which the last conference split.

No one can predict the length of the conference. Sessions will be held from time to time, and it is not expected that the commissioners, if successful in their mission, will return to this country for several months. The commission is amply provided with funds, the entire appropriation of $500.000 made by Congress to settle the Samoan troubles being available for their expenses.

War Vessels at Samoa.

It is authoritatively stated at the department of State, that the three treaty powers concerned in Samoan affairs—England, Germany and the United States—have reached an understanding, by the terms of which, they will each keep but one war vessel at Samoa pending the termination of the Berlin conference.

The vessel to be sent by the United States will be the Alert, a 1,000-ton ship, now at Honolulu.

The German corvette Sophie, now on her way out from Zanzibar, will represent German interests.

England will doubtless order the Calliope to return to Samoa from Sydney, or will replace her if she was materially damaged by the hurricane.

An Office for the President.

It is reported that the President contemplates taking the whole south front first floor of the state department building for his executive offices and establishing routine office hours there.

Such a plan would give the President of the United States a privilege which the humblest employee of the government have, but which the chief executive does not possess—the right to enjoy his own home.

The clerks in some of the smallest divisions of the state department have more room and more conveniences than the clerks at the executive mansion.

Rival Alabama Delegations in the White House.

Two delegations of Alabama Republicans —onewhite, the other colored—are annoying the President considerably by washing their political linen in Washington and hanging the wash out in the White House.

It is simply a squabble for office, which will probably result in the non-recognition of both parties. The President said that he would not change an Alabama officer until the delegation went home.

About Annexation.

Gov. McClellan of Nova Scotia is in Washington, and in conversing with a group of politicians and newspaper men over the question of annexation, made a somewhat remarkable comparison.

"There are," said he, "annexationists in Canada, just as there are anarchists in Chicago, and the people of my province are not very anxious to become citizens of the United States."

The President's Trip.

Secretary Halford says that the President had made no arrangements to leave Washington before the 29th of this month when he goes to New York to attend the centennial celebration.

The President has declined a number of invitations to visit various cities, including the invitation of the Manufacturers' club of Philadelphia, to attend a reception to be given to Postmaster-General Wanamaker, to-morrow evening.

Call's Successor.

There is considerable interest in Florida over a proposition to elect Senator Call's successor by the legislature now assembled. Senator Call's term expired March 4, 1891. While the present legislature is the last to meet before then, another legislature will be elected in November, 1890, and there will be thirty days' interim between the end of Senator Call's term and the regular session of the legislature elected in 1890.

Paying Up.

The comptroller of the Currency has declared a second dividend of 20 per cent in favor of the creditors of the First National bank of Livingston, Montana, making in all 95 per cent on claims proved, amounting to $23,322. This bank failed August 25, 1884.

Will Sail May 1.

Senator Sherman will sail for Europe on May 1. He goes simply for rest and pleasure. He has no programme, and with a smile of apparently the greatest satisfaction, said: "I shall go wherever fancy leads." He does not know just when he will return.

The Sioux Commission.

It is understood that the new Sioux commission will consist of Wm. Warner, of Missouri; Charles Foster, of Ohio; John H. King, of Nebraska; Maj. Gen. Crook, and a Democratic member not yet decided upon from Pennsylvania.

Counting the Cash.

Assistant U. S Treasurer Roberts assumed charge of the sub-treasury at New York on April 15. The sixteen expert counters from Washington began counting at once. It will take them three weeks to do it.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

Sir Charles Russell's Speech in Defense of the Parnellites.

Upon the opening of the session of the Parnell commission on April 12, Sir Charles Russell resumed, and concluded his speech in defense of the Parnellites.

He undertook to show that the money Mr. Parnell gave, which the prosecution alleged was given for the purpose of enabling Byrne to escape, was meant by Mr. Parnell to be used for the ordinary purposes of the national league, and that Mr. Parnell did not know that Byrne was in peril of arrest.

The court, Sir Charles said, in concluding his speech, was trying the history of the Irish revolution. He asked that fair and generous consideration be given it. If prosperity was returning to Ireland, thanks be to God, but affairs were unhealthy in that country where the people considered the imprisoned members of the House of Commons heroes and martyrs.

Sir Charles declared that he did not speak merely as the advocate of the accused members of the House of Commons, but for the land of his birth, and, he believed, in the best interests of England.

The inquiry, which was intended to be a curse, had been a blessing. It had been designed for the purpose of ruining one man, but had proved the means of his vindication.

In his peroration, which lasted half an hour, Sir Charles Russell said:

"In opening our case I saw that we represented the accused, the positions are now reversed. The accused sit there [pointing with indignant scorn at Mr. Walker and Mr. MacDonald, of the *Times*.] This inquiry will not only vindicate individuals, but it will remove all misconception of the character, action and motives of the Irish people and their leaders.

It will set earnest, honest minds to thinking and will hasten true union and effect a true reconciliation.

It will dispel the mighty cloud that has darkened the history of a noble race and dimmed the glory of a mighty empire.

At the conclusion of the speech Mrs. Gladstone and other friends warmly congratulated Sir Charles Russell and Mr. Parnell and Mr. Davitt.

There was a sensation in the court when Sir Charles concluded his speech. It was the general opinion of his hearers that he never spoke better.

When Sir Charles had finished, presiding Justice Hannon passed a note to him in which he said: "I congratulate you. Your speech was a great one and worthy of a great occasion."

The arch bishop of Dublin will be among the witnesses who will testify for the defense.

Home Rule Wouldn't Go.

The House of Commons, on April 10, by a vote of 200 to 79, rejected Mr. Clarke's Scottish home rule motion.

Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion in an animated speech, in which he said that the question was not ripe and would obstruct more pressing measures. He did not doubt, however, that when Scotland unanimously demanded home rule, parliament would accede to her desires.

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

His Message to the Mexican Congress— Other Affairs.

The message of President Diaz, sent to the Mexican Congress recently, has created much favorable comment, and has, in a degree, tended to fix confidence in him, which from all accounts he has been losing for some months.

The President reviewed the different branches of the government in a lengthy address. Diaz will lend all aid possible to have Mexico make a good showing at the Paris exposition. The public works in Mexico are progressing nicely. Telegraph and railroad companies are building rapidly and every indication points to a successful year.

Damaging Documents Presented to the French Senate.

The Paris *Evenement* of April 15 says: A number of documents proving that Gen. Boulanger had tampered with the army, have been submitted to the committee of the Senate, which is to conduct the trial against Boulanger and other leaders of the Boulangist party.

The arrest of a number of military men is imminent.

The warrants that were issued for the arrest of Boulanger, M Rochefort and Dillon, have been served at their respective residences, this being a formality which is required.

The Strike at Marseilles.

The strike among the dock workers at Marseilles, has spread to all the men in that city employed on the docks. The strikers are becoming demonstrative and threaten to attack the offices of the various steamship companies. The military have placed guards at the offices.

Blaine Don't Want Cuba.

The Spanish minister of Foreign Affairs has prepared a reply to a communication recently addressed to the Spanish government by Mr. Blaine, the American secretary of State. In it the Spanish minister expresses a desire to draw closer the bonds of friendship uniting Spain and the United States.

In his note to the Madrid government Mr. Blaine states that the United States has no idea of purchasing Cuba, but that it is simply desirous of establishing better commercial relations with the Spanish West Indies.

Cuba's Sugar Crop.

The Cuban sugar crop may aggregate from 400,000 to 425,000 tons. Governor General Salamanca has proposed to the supreme government the suppression of the custom houses at Mariel, Coloma and La Esperanza, in Vuelta Abajo. To maintain them, $21,000 was necessary during the last fiscal year in excess of their receipts.

Owing to reports that the Cuban sugar crop is short and that the stocks of sugar on the continent are held in a few hands, the market in London is excited and prices are advancing.

Dumont at Work Again.

Gabriel Dumont, the late leader in the Riel rebellion has arrived at Duck Creek, N. W. T., again on the scene of the 1885 battles, and is addressing meetings of the half-breeds urging them to press their grievances upon the Dominion government.

FIRE RECORD.

The More Notable Conflagrations Happening During the Week.

On April 7, in Savannah, Ga., several large business blocks, Odd Fellows' Hall and the Independent Presbyterian church, $750,000; in Pittsburg, Pa., axe, shovel and saw factories of Hubbard & Co., $500,000; in Clarksdale, Miss., twelve stores and several residences, $100,000; in San Francisco, Cal., the Oakland high school building, $70,000; in Somerset, Ky., two hotels and other buildings, $70,000.

On April 8, in Baldwinsville, N. Y., the Alden block, $45,000; in Princeton, Ky., opera house and other buildings $60,000.

On April 9 in Boston, the freight houses of the Lowell system of the Boston & Maine railroad, 100,000; in Savannah, Ga., the Savannah cotton mill, $100,000; in Stillwater, Minn., the Palace furniture company's establishment, $50,000; in Louisville Ky., the Louisville Bridge and Iron company's works, $150,000.

On April 10, in Lynn, morocco factory of John Donallan & Sons, $28,000.

On April 11, in Brooklyn, N. Y., jute mill of Buchanan & Lyall, $400,000; in Rising Sun, Ind., the business portion of the town, $25,000; in Lumberton, Ala., sawmill and other buildings, $30,000.

Will Send Him Home.

Secretary Windom has sustained the action of the collector of customs at New York in refusing to allow a Swiss immigrant named I. Faig to land, and as a consequence he will be sent home at the expense of the vessel which brought him over. It appears that Faig came to this country in response to an advertisement inserted in a Swiss newspaper by Mr. George Gaum of Aroshach, at the instance of Mr. H. Bornemann, of the Newark Embroidering works. The advertisement called for 12 embroiderers for Newark, saying that the trade in this country is short of operatives.

An Honored Name.

Among the probable guests who will take part in the coming Centennial celebration at New York, is Col. Wm. Nelson, of Hanover county, Va., the only surviving grandson of Gov. Thomas Nelson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

It is reported that King John of Abyssinia, before his death appointed as his successor his nephew Dagine Mangasela.

GENERAL NEWS.

CROSBY IS HOT.

He Wants $100,000 Damages From the President's Son.

Mr. Russell Harrison was arrested in New York city, on April 12, in the office of the *Judge*, on the charge of having published in his paper, the Montana *Live Stock Journal*, an article taken from a Buffalo paper accusing ex-Governor John Schuyler Crosby, of Montana, with having stolen jewels from a Washington lady.

Mr. Harrison came on from Washington on for the purpose of having the papers in the suit served on him.

The warrant was issued by Judge Beach, of the Supreme court, who fixed bail at $5,000. Stephen B. Elkins, Vice President Rice, of the Park bank, and W. J. Arkell, of *Judge*, became Mr. Harrison's bondsmen. Damages are wanted in the sum of $100,000.

Mr. Harrison disclaims all liability or responsibility in this matter, his only connection with it being that of president of the company owning the paper that made the publication.

DAKOTA CONVENUION.

The Strife for Honors in the State Has Actively Commenced.

Governor Millette has completed his proclamation calling for the election of delegates to the constitutional conventions of North Dakota and South Dakota for the framing of state constitutions.

The proclamations will be issued in accordance with the enabling act of Congress. Each of the proposed new states is divided into 25 districts and each convention will have 75 members.

The issue of the proclamation defining the districts will precipitate as fierce a political fight as ever has been witnessed in North Dakota, owing to the fact that the constitutional convention is looked upon as the stepping stone to the United States Senate.

Owing to the minority representation, the Democrats hope to elect about one-half of the convention and are organizing for a vigorous campaign.

KOSSUTH IS DYING.

The Hungarian Patriot Going to His Last Reward.

Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, who is now at Turin, has suffered another relapse and his life is despaired of. He has been gradually sinking for some days and this last failing has shaken the hopes of his closest friends.

[Kossuth dying at the age of 87 years is an announcement that brings to mind reminiscences of much to Americans, for there was a time when his name was on the tongue of hundreds of thousands of people on this side of the Atlantic. No foreigner since Lafayette had excited such enthusiasm in the United States. He returned to Europe and the reaction came; it was charged that he had collected money for Hungary and used it himself. This slander died, and he fell into the ranks of the many thousand forgotten unfortunates. Hungary was reconciled to Austria, the Pan-Slavic party took control, and Kossuth, in disgust and despair, retired to Turin, Italy, where he has lived for 27 years. Lajos (Louis) Kossuth was born April 27, 1802. His blood was chiefly Slavic, despite the fact that his family adhered to the Magyar party, and he eventually became its leader. The union between Austria and Hungary was originally an equal one, free as it is now, and there were no more loyal subjects than those Hungarians who supported the throne of Maria Theresa; but in time all the interests of the eastern section were sacrificed for those of Austria and the United provinces. Then the agitation for reform began, and Kossuth, who was one of the greatest scholars of his time, became a leader. He spoke and wrote French, Magyar, Italian and German with ease and was versed in Latin, then the legal language of Hungary. During his captivity he learned English from a Bible and dictionary, and was able to make a public address in that tongue on landing at Southampton. The Austrian government suppressed the papers he edited and condemned him to four years' imprisonment; the people rose in revolt, and he was chosen governor of a revolutionary organization. But a large section of the Slavs, led by the Croat chief, Ban Jellachich, armed against him; Russia at once supported the Slavs, and the contest was quickly decided. Kossuth fled into Turkey and Gorgey, pressed by overwhelming numbers, surrendered. Austria demanded the surrender of Kossuth, and the Turks proposed to him to turn Mohammadan, so they would have a religious plea for refusing. Then it was discovered that he was of the Lutheran faith, which, apparently, never had been thought of inquiring about before. England and France now notified the Turks that they need not surrender the patriot, and the United States sent the war steamer Mississippi to bring him to America as the nation's guest. He arrived in New York December 5, 1851, and for a few weeks enjoyed a wonderful ovation. The sensation did not last long, and he went to Paris and other cities, for all the glory of Hungary was forgotten in the Crimean war and other excitements. Austria lost her Italian provinces by the war of 1859 and had to come to terms with Hungary. General Amnesty was declared and the Hungarian diet's powers restored; the two nations became one as to the crown, and two as to legislation, and there was no more cause for agitation. Kossuth protested and retired. His countryman loyally supported the new system, but retained his respect for the old agitator. For twenty-seven years he has been an Italian, practically, and his two sons are business men in Turin.]

MAY GET INTO TROUBLE.

A Secret Expedition to Get Control of Lower California.

There is a well authenticated scheme on foot to capture Lower California. A Los Angeles reporter on April 14, found two gentlemen who had been asked to join in the undertaking. They are Grand Army men, well known and reliable. At their request their names are not given, but if it becomes necessary their identity can be established. One of them occupies an official position in that city and the other is a well-known capitalist.

One said: "Yes, sir; I think there is a scheme to capture the Lower Peninsula, and if the plan is as well organized and has the powerful backing that the managers claim for it, they will make considerable trouble for Mexico. I was asked to join, and was offered suitable rank and pay. Of course, I would have nothing to do with such a scheme, and did not want to know too much about it."

The second federal officer, when interrogated, admitted having had the same offer made to him.

The scheme is being worked through a secret order, which has a large membership through the South. He said: "They are well organized and number now over 1,000 men in the military department. The civil department takes in many prominent and influential men. I refused to have anything to do with the scheme, but expect to hear from it before long. Any one who has watched the progress of things on the peninsula during the last year, and who has known of the existence of this society can easily see that trouble is brewing."

The President of a Great Railroad Blows His Brains Out.

Charles F. Hatch, president of the Wisconsin, Minnesota & Pacific railway, committed suicide on April 15, in his office in Minneapolis by shooting himself in the mouth with a revolver.

The suicide is well nigh inexplicable as Mr. Hatch's business and domestic relations were of the happiest.

He was an even tempered man and his friends are at a loss to explain the deed. It is hinted that he had been speculating in wheat and had lost heavily, and that this caused a sudden despondency. His friends laugh at this story.

A Billion Logs Hung Up for Want of Heavy Rain.

Light snows and no heavy rain during the past winter have resulted in the most remarkable drouth this spring that the lumber woods of Upper Michigan have ever experienced, and over 1,000,000,000 feet of logs abandoned and ready to be floated to the mills below are hung up because there is not enough water in the streams.

Heavy and continued rains alone will be able to rescue this winter's cut, and thus keep the mills running the season through.

Jesse James's Pal is Out.

Bill Ryan, the Missouri train robber and associate of Jesse James, was released from the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., on April 15.

He was sentenced for 25 years for complicity in the Glendale train robbery on the Chicago & Alton in October, 1879, but but Gov. Morehouse, a short time before his retirement from office, commuted the sentence to 7½ years. Ryan has been a good prisoner.

A Republican in Texas!

A. Krakauer, Republican candidate for mayor of El Paso, Tex., was elected on April 10 by 37 majority. The Republicans also carried more than half of the council. Fully 200 Mexicans from the south side of the Rio Grande were naturalized and voted, and this farmed the tide. Heavy percentage of the votes were cast irrespective of party lines.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The More Prominent of Those who Have Gone Over to the Majority.

On April 7, in Washington, James I. Christie, asssistant doorkeeper of the Senate, aged 50.

On April 8, in Washington, Dr. Jerome H. Kidder, formerly of the United States navy; in the City of Mexico, A. J. McDowell, of Boston, auditor of the Mexican Central railroad.

On April 9, in Lowell, Major Jonathan Ladd, paymaster of the famous Msssachusetts Sixth regiment of volunteers, aged 69.

On April 10, in Washington, Rear Admiral Thomas H. Patterson, U. S. N., aged 69; in New York city, Gen. F. F. Millen, the well-known Irish agitator; in Washington, William C. Rives, aged 64.

Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gove Ouseley, Bart., the English musician, is dead, aged 64; Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, professor of Greek in Cambridge university, England, is dead, aged 85; Dr. Von Saur, physician of the late Emperor William, is dead in Berlin.

L. J. Farwell Dead.

Hon. Leonard J. Farwell, elected Governor of Wisconsin by the Whigs in 1851, commissioner of patents in 1863, and one of those present at Lincoln's death, died at Grnate City, Mo., April 12, at the age of 70 years. He had been engaged in banking and real estate for seventeen years, during which time he had taken no active part in politics.

A Peculiar Place for Man to Choose to Die.

P. F. Lockwood, a well-known real estate deale rand capitalist, of Minneapolis, committed suicide on April 15 night by taking poison upon his own cemetery lot.

Lockwood was 65 years old and quite wealthy. He formerly resided in New York city. His attorney thinks the deed was caused by Lockwood's peculiar ideas of a spiritual existence in the hereafter. The suicide left no family.

A. C. Churchill Dead.

Allen C. Churchill, a prominent Republican politician and extensive glove manufacturer, died of apoplexy on April 15 at Gloversville, N. Y., aged 69. Mr. Churchill was a pioneer in the glove industry. He was a warm personal friend of the late Senator Conkling.

Gen. Graham Dead.

Gen. Charles K. Graham, ex-surveyor and ex-naval officer of the port of New York, died at the Laurel house, at Lakewood, N. J., on April 15. His disease was pneumonia.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Famous Poet Talks on the Evil of Idleness in Prisons.

John G. Whittier, the venerable poet, has written the following letter to Mr. W. M. T. Round, secretary of the prison association, apropos of the meeting of that association which will be held at Steinway hall next Monday evening:

W. M. T. Round, Esq.:

"My Dear Mr. Round—I am glad to hear that a public meeting is to be held in your city to protest in the name of Christianity and humanity against the enforced idleness in prisons, perilous alike to body and mind, which can only result in filling your prisons with maniacs.

"My sypathies are with the laboring class in all their just demands, and I would favor every legitimate measure which promises to benefit them, but the suppression of labor in the prisons is too small a gain for them to be purchased by the transformation of human into mad bodies.

"I trust further reflection, and the knowledge of the dreadful consequences of the slow torture of brooding idleness will ere long induce them to forgo what must be a very trifling benefit at the best. With my best wishes for the success of your philanthrophic endeavors, I am, Very truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER."

THE CHARLESTON.

She is Ready to Make Her Trial Trip, but Not Able to Go to Sea.

The cruiser Charleston would probably start on her trial trip from San Francisco on Friday next. She has finished coaling, and yesterday took aboard a large quantity of rope, hawsers and other equipments from Mare Island for the trip.

On Saturday, while lying at her dock, fires were started in her furnaces, and the machinery, under a full head of steam, was found to work